A LITTLE BOOK OF
MISSOURI VERSE

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A Little Book
OF
Missouri Verse

Choice Selections from Missouri Verse-Writers.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
J. S. Snoddy,
WOODSON INSTITUTE, RICHMOND, MO.

INTRODUCTION BY
Perry S. Rader,
REPORTER OF THE SUPREME COURT.

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INTRODUCTION.

It has been my desire for a decade that the people of Missouri become more homogeneous. I am of the opinion that we do not as a people rely enough on ourselves. Clannishness is not needed or desired; but we do need to believe that among Missourians there are to be found those who, with proper encouragement at home, may become authors equal to any in America.

We shall have more self-respect, a higher regard for our State, more love for the inhabitants of our commonwealth, and a livelier interest in each other, and hence a stronger, because a more confident, citizenship, if we will take a greater interest in Missouri authors, buy and read more of their books, and otherwise encourage them to believe that we are their friends.

The people of Missouri have a common destiny. They should so unite as to make this commonwealth the brightest and best in the constellation of States. This cannot be done if they have a higher regard for the statesmen, authors, orators, and musicians of other States than for those of our own.

We have not prized our writers highly enough. We have fallen into the habit of going to other States and other countries for our books. The merit of an author in the estimation of Missourians, it has often seemed to me, has increased about as the square of the distance of his residence from Missouri. Somehow

we seem to have concluded that no Missourian can write a book or a good poem. This ought not to be. We are doing ourselves great harm by this practice. A great writer or a genuine poet is of far greater value to a commonwealth, even in a material way, than a gold mine or a railroad. Take from Massachusetts the books she has made, and there remains little to attract the attention of the American people. To forever borrow from other States our ideas, our intellectual food, indicates a general mental weakness; it is also to invite the constant criticism and sneers of other States. We must have more Missouri books. There is no lack of native talent of sufficient brilliancy to write them; we also have a population that appreciates polished prose and beautiful verse. We need only to rely on one another, to encourage one another.

If this volume is favorably received, it will encourage better verse. The persons who have written the verses to be found within these lids have, through their efforts, brought brightness to many a household. As a native Missourian, who is proud of his State and believes in her people and her future, I desire to express the hope that these literary efforts may arouse among our people a greater interest in Missouri writers.

PERRY S. RADER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Missouri has never had a great poet. We can not, as yet, claim for any of our verse-writers a place among the immortals; yet some of them have almost touched shoulders with genius, and many of the verses produced by these writers possess such merit as to deserve preservation. Very few books or pamphlets of verse written by Missourians have been preserved in the libraries of our State; and, as far as I have been able to ascertain, no one has made a collection of their works with the view of preserving them. During the past two years, with the assistance of some of my pupils who have been interested in the study of local literature, I have made a small collection of Missouri verse. From this collection I have endeavored to select and present in book form a number of such specimens as would afford the reader a general view of the attainments and merits of our writers. It would be impossible to include all the meritorious verse in these selections; much, as worthy as any selected, has necessarily been omitted; many are too long, and all the worthy short ones could not be contained in "a little book." No comment is made on the verses selected; the field of criticism I leave to others.

The biographical notes are chiefly to vindicate my claims that the writers whose verses I have used are Missouri writers. For this reason I have confined my remarks to matter-of-fact statements rather than eulogies.

I take pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to those writers who have granted me free use of their copyrighted works, and especially to Mr. William M. Paxton, of Platte City, who has cheerfully allowed me to use a number of books from his private library. My thanks are due to publishers who have kindly given me permission to make extracts from their publications. Among them are *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, *The Peter Paul Book Company*, *Charles Scribner's Sons*, *The Ennis Press Company*, the publishers of *The New York Independent*, *The Lotus*, *Midland Monthly*, *Chaperone Magazine*, and others whose publications are mentioned in the table of contents.

J. S. SNODDY.

Woodson Institute, Richmond, Mo.
June 29, 1897.

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A STAR IN THE WEST.

Here 's to Missouri,
  Bright Gem of the West!
With her sons gay and gallant,
  The bravest and best;
With her wide-spreading prairies
  And deep forest dells,
Her bright, rolling rivers,
  And clear, springing wells.

We love thee, Missouri!
  Though some may despise
Thy warm-hearted spirits
  And bright, loving eyes.
We love thee, Missouri!
  Thy sweet, rustic grace,
Thy plain, home-spun manners,
  And broad, honest face.

Thy mountains, Missouri,
  Look fair as the morn;
Thy hills and thy valleys
  Are covered with corn.
Thy cattle are grazing
  On a thousand green hills—
The tall trees are waving
  Above thy cool rills.

Blithe birds thy green forests
Are singing among;
They make thy homes vocal
With music and song.
The rainbow hath fallen
From its home in the showers,
And it lies on thy prairies
A carpet of flowers.

Thy fields, O Missouri,
Are waving with grain,
Thy orchards are teeming
Near every green lane.
Thy proud, rising cities
Dot over the land;
Thy school-houses and churches,
How proudly they stand!

"While the star-spangled banner
In triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave,"
'Twill shelter no prouder,
No nobler than thee,
Missouri! Missouri!
Bright home of the free.

Elizabeth Drake Cobb.

July, 1856.

UNDINE.

Undine was but a rainbow, seen at eve
  Above the sea, mixed with the crystal dew
  That shines upon the violet's petals blue.
From such brief, dream-wrought lives, the sun-
    beams weave
Enchanted shapes most potent to deceive
  The haunted thoughts of poets. Yet she
    grew
  Through pain of love immortal, wise and
    true,
Gaining a soul the while she learned to grieve!

Fair lives of joy shall pass and fade away;
  They last but as sea-mist and blown, white
    foam;
But twice-born souls of truth shall live for aye
  And in far heavens find an eternal home,
A fairer life, a rarer, purer day,
  Enduring as the sky's blue, star-set dome!

William Vincent Byars.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly, with your point-lace wings
And body of silk and dust of star,
Why is it the dull brown throstle sings,
With the sweetness of mythical heavenly things,
While you are still as dead things are?

Even the cricket, in dress of woe,
Cheers my way by the walls of wheat,
While you, a gaudy and idle beau,
Flutter about all day on show,
With never a note that is glad or sweet!

Where have you come from, Butterfly?
Did you fly out of the sun at dawn?
Are you a bit of the summer sky,
Blown by winds from your place on high?
Where shall you go when the night draws on?

Frail in your beauty of lace and gold,
Where do you fly when the frost is come?
Where do you hide when the heath is cold?
Alas! your beauty can not grow old,
And wherefore is beauty that must be dumb?

What is your mission here on the earth?
To bring us tidings of peaceful June?
Surely you have some honest worth;
Oh, can it be you 're of lowly birth,
And once were only a black cocoon?

Out of a prison of mold you spring?
You in your beauty come from a clod?
You but a worm and a hideous thing!
You with your gold and gossamer wing,
Did you not come from the garden of God?

Butterfly, in that earthy womb,
While yet you hovered 'twixt life and death,
Did you have dreams of the world of bloom,
Dreams of the day you should burst your tomb
As did the Savior of Nazareth?

And when at last you could fly away,
As free as the fragrant winds of morn,
Like a soul forsaking its tomb of clay
To dwell in a heaven of endless day,
Then were you happy that you were born?

Now, as we roam through the fields of grain,
So blithe and careless of foes and Fate,
Butterfly, let us be friends again;
Forgive my fancies adverse and vain,—
'Tis better, I say, to be fair than great.

Whatever is lovely is good, else He
  Who made all things with a certain aim
Would never have set you from prison free.
You in your beauty are more to me
  Than all the glitter and sham of Fame.

Now, winged sprite, when I close my eyes,
  And lift them so to the sun above,
Oh, I can see you in wondrous guise
Winging your way throughout the skies,
  In all the hues of hope and of love!

Upward and upward you take your flight,
  As if you were drawn by a magnet flower!
What is the magic of this strange sight?
Are you in league with the God of Light,
  And shall I find you in Eden's Bower?

Arthur Grissom.

SLEET.

It sleets.
How it beats
On the window-pane!
The clouds hang low in the winter sky,
The beasts in the barn-yard low and cry,
The cold wind sighs through the dead, brown leaves,
The ice hangs thick from gable and eaves.
Oh, it sleets.
How it beats
On the window-pane!

The earth is covered with a coat of mail,
The travelers flee from the driving hail,
The birds have flown from bush and tree,
The flowers are dead upon the lea.
Oh, it sleets.
How it beats
On the window-pane!

But after awhile will come the sun,
The sleet will melt and the waters run.
The clouds disperse, the birds will sing,
The winds blow warm, the flowers spring;
No more sleet
To beat
On the window-pane.

Black thoughts hang thick o'er my mind to-day,
I have not the strength to drive them away;
My heart seems gripped by the hand of Fate,
And almost o'erwhelmed with feelings of hate.
Oh, it sleets.
How it beats
On the window-pane!

But after awhile will come God's love,
Borne on the wings of the pure, white Dove,
Driving the darkness from my mind,
Changing my hateful thoughts to kind;
No more sleet
To beat
On the window-pane!

Walter A. McCausland.

IN THE ORCHARD.

The cattle wander home from the purple clover-fields,
Where the bees are drunk with honey and perfume;
And my love trips on behind them, my meadow-sweet that yields
Sweeter honey than the clover's purple bloom.

It was here I wooed my love as the Winter wooes the Spring,
In the orchard, when the trees are green and white;
While the birds built nests above us and the daisies blossoming
Filled the air with sweetest fragrance and delight.

It was here I won my love as the glowing sun slid down,
And the red light stole my kisses from her cheek;
And the apple-blossoms shook with an angry glance and frown,
And the jealous robins vowed I should not speak.

In the ripe October days, when the apples
change to red,
And the mellow fragrance floats upon the
air,
In the swaying, laughing orchard my love and
I shall wed,
With the yellow sunset shining thro' her
hair.

The cattle wander home from the purple clover-
fields,
Where the bees are drunk with honey and
perfume;
And my love trips on behind them, my meadow-
sweet that yields
Sweeter honey than the clover's purple
bloom.

Lyman Whitney Allen.

JUNE ROSES.

I sit with my hands full of roses,
And fondle their velvety leaves;
I drink in their beauty and fragrance
While mem'ry a tender spell weaves.
I float on their odor so subtile
To a June-time hid in the past,
And live over again in my seeming
A dream too enchanting to last.

There rises from out the soft petals
A face that is dainty and fair,
And sweet as the heart of the roses
That bloom in the summer-tide air—
While eyes like two purple-blue pansies
Look straight in the depths of my own,
And bring back that dead, sweet summer,
The gladdest, to me, ever known.

Oh, June, with your garlands of roses,
Once, only, you brighten each year—
And youth, with its beautiful visions,
Lives, too, in your warm, sunny cheer—
'Tis only a dream that is left me
To soothe me through toiling and pain,
And tho' it may fade with the roses,
'Twill wake with their blooming again.

Mildred S. McFaden.

THE JEFFERSON MONUMENT.

[On the Campus of the University of Missouri.]

The granite of his native hills,
  Mother of monumental men,
Virginia gave, whose page her Plutarch fills
  With undiminished deeds of sword and pen.

More fitting far than molten bronze,
  Or polished marble carved by art,
This monument of him who broke the bonds
  That bound in fetters every human heart.

The column rises in all lands,
  When sinks the soldier to his rest;
This cenotaph of rustic plainness stands
  To him who gave an empire to the West.

Not with the blood of thousands slain,
  With children's cries and mothers' tears;
The statesman's wisdom won this vast domain
  With gain of honest toil through peaceful years.

The highest honor of his State
  And of his country came unsought;
It was not this, O men, that made him great,
  Of this is nothing on the tablet wrought.

His pen declared his country free,
  Equal and free his fellow-man,
Freedom in church and state, the right to be,
  If Nature wills, the first American.

'Tis well the shaft by him devised
  Rests here in Learning's classic shade;
To be her patron was by him more prized
  Than all the honors that the nation paid.

Oh, may his spirit linger near,
  As by old Monticello's slope;
Inspire Missouri's sons who gather here
  With all the scholar's love, the patriot's hope.

And He who holds the nation's fate
  Within the hollow of His hand
Preserve the Union ever strong and great
  And guide the statesmen of our native land.

Edward A. Allen.

CHRISTMAS SNOW.

Ye have come
From what airy clime,
Ye flakes of snow,
Flying below
With your crystals of rime,
That flutter and fall,
Covering earth with a pall
Of whiteness so rare
That with it can compare
Naught in our home?

Is heaven the place
Your presence doth grace,
With gates of pearly white
And walls with jewels dight;
Where the streets are paved with gold,
So clear and so bright
That no shadow of night
Can darken the way,
That is lighter than day,
Which the angels have trod from of old?

In troops ye have come,
Who, who 'll tell the sum
Of the flakes in the air,
Of the flakes that lie there
In heaps that cover the ground?

From the pole in the north,
The ice-king comes forth;
To the stillness of death
He would freeze with his breath
All life that in field can be found.

But your coating so fair,
Like the fur of white bear,
Covers the feet
Of the shivering wheat,
And tucks itself in round and round;
Till as snug as a bug
In a warm woolen rug,
The blades go to sleep
'Neath the covering deep,
And rest in their bed safe and sound.

How graceful, how fair,
As ye float in the air,
And whirl in the dance with the breeze.
In ermine so white
Ye are fully bedight;
So feathery fine
Ye fairly outshine
The loveliest of brides that one sees.
Your fairy-like form
For a grace is a norm;
So slender and true
To the rapturous view;

While the light of your eyes
The diamond outvies
As ye flash on the breast of the leas.

Angels so rare,
With faces so fair,
Ye have come on a mission of love.
Your wings now are bright
With heaven's own light
As ye come from your mansions above.
Heralds, ye fly
From the throne in the sky
Bringing to earth
The news of the birth
Of Him who is greater than Jove;
Whose garments of grace,
For earth's ruined race,
In Gethsemane's garden were wove.

How gladly we see
Such spirits as ye
In this world of sorrow and sin;
'Tis heaven ye bring
On the plume of your wing;
So spotless, so pure,
Ye are harbingers sure
Of the day when, without and within,

This world shall be clean
From all that is mean;
Till purged by the blood
That on Calvary flowed—
The earth to heaven is kin.

J. A. Quarles.

TWO MISSIONS.

A lily and a rosebud close in a garden grew,
The lily pure and spotless, the rose of reddest hue;
And neither "born to blush unseen," its mission soon must find.
The rosebud eager, longing, the lily calm, resigned.

The rose upon a virgin breast in dreams of passion slept,
The lily in the hand of Death its silent vigil kept.
The rose awoke to hear the strains of sensuous music sweet,
The lily journeyed with a soul to kneel at Mercy's feet.

Frank S. Hastings.

A LYRIC OF THE HAZEL-NUT PATCH.

A pleasant sort of pastime, when the Autumn comes around,
Is to roam the hills and hollows where the hazel-nuts abound.
The blossom-time is over and the wren has taken wing,
And the jay, alone remaining, has the hardihood to sing.
No other sound of cheerfulness is audible about—
The Autumn comes in triumph, with her sombre banners out;
She crops the mighty forest with a melancholy swipe,
And everything is gloomy, when the hazel-nuts are ripe;
Yet merrily and cheerily, with baskets we may wend
Our way into the woodland, where the hazel bushes bend.

My blessing on the hazel bush that never grew so high
As to waste its screen of leafage, like the oak tree, on the sky.

Nor yet as dwarfed and stunted as the vine
against the earth,
Whose growth of leafy thickness forms a veil
of little worth;
The hazel, like a conscious bush, by intuition
grew
The proper height and thickness to seclude us
from the view;
As if it felt when Autumn came, with all her
locks aflow,
Every maiden would be coming with a basket
and a beau;
That merrily and cheerily, in couples they
would wend
Their way into the woodland, where the hazel
bushes bend.

When the hull is sere and tawny, and the nut is
dry and brown,
And beneath its gracious burden every twig is
laden down,
And yields upon the slightest touch its treas-
ures by the batch,
We feel as we were welcome to the finest in the
patch.
The rabbit scampers from our path, his flying
bounds are heard;
A covey of young partridges salutes the mother
bird;

She answers from a neighboring shrub, but watch her as we may,
Unwitnessed of our alien eyes, she 'll slip the brood away;
And merrily and cheerily, we 'll hear her notes ascend
Far off, amid the woodland, where the hazel bushes bend.

And when at eve, the rising moon emits a mellow glow,
And our hazel-nuts are gathered, and it 's time for us to go;
And the cooling dews are falling; and the clanking bells we hear
Of the cattle, winding homeward, thro' the gloaming still and clear—
We rest ourselves a little and we gather up our load,
And with a sense of gratitude, we journey on the road,
And think of all the winter nights, the blazing fire about,
When we 'll crack the nuts upon the hearth and pluck the kernels out.
Thus merrily and cheerily, contentedly we wend
Our way from out the woodland, where the hazel bushes bend.

R. E. Lee Gibson.

WILD IRIS.

The iris in the Southland opens early,
Before the mocking-bird is well awake;
The leafless alders hang their tassels merely,
And golden spice-blooms in the March winds shake,—
The sweet azalea reddens all the brake,
And marsh-magnolia buds grow round and pearly;
Then the blue iris blossoms by the lake.

O beautiful blue iris, best and dearest,
Save the wild ivy, of all vernal bloom!
Not winter's chill nor wild spring-rain thou fearest,
Nor rush of swollen torrents, white with foam,—
For, by the brooklet is thy chosen home,
And all the lowlands flush when thou appearest
With heart of gold beneath an azure plume.

Who, that has seen the iris, brightly glowing
With colors richer than the blue-bird's wing,
But felt his heart with rapture overflowing,
And blessed the Maker of so fair a thing,—

For, who loves beauty must love beauty's
King,
Almighty Monarch, in His grace bestowing
Such glory on a fleeting flower of spring.

Mary Bryant.

THE LILY AND THE PANSY.

A lily stood in the quiet lake
And nodded in the breeze;
The breeze that kissed the water queen—
The queen of little seas—

Moved on and touched the land
And told the flora there,
Of fragrance from a little bud
To fill the desert air.

"Ah!" said a Pansy on the land,
"If all you say is true
We need not fear that we 'll be drown'd
By floods of rain or dew—

If lilies grow in the waters there,
We, too, could do it here."
The Breeze then whispered soft and low,
"Each being in his sphere."

W. D. Sylvester.

CHRISTMAS TREES IN HEAVEN.

'Twas just two weeks since Christmas
When little Will, aged seven,
With anxious face asked of me,
"Are there Christmas trees in Heaven?"
Just two short months before, the lad
Had lost his little friend,
A neighbor's child with whom he played
From morning till day's end.

I answered him, "Yes, darling.
Far grander than was ours;
And the things to make Tom happy
Fall from the tree in showers."
But I could not help but ponder;
His words had left a leaven,
And I found myself half wondering,
Are there Christmas trees in Heaven?

I bethought me of that passage
Where the Spirit speaks to John
In the vision of the seven stars;
Thus doth the passage run:
"To him that overcometh
I will give to him supplies
From the tree of life that standeth
In the midst of Paradise."

The fruit that shall be given
In peace and mercy mild,
Bestowed by Him who gave all things,
The Father and Christ-child.
Oh, how glorious is the prospect
That to mortals poor is given,
That some time we may gather round
The Christmas tree in Heaven!

John Meyers Paxson.

EUGENE FIELD.

It shall be long remembered, the pleasure he bestowed,
The maker of the Lullaby, the builder of the Ode;
The painter of our purest joys, our singer undefiled,
The tender imitator of the prattle of a child.

Nor shall it be forgotten: the garlands of his rhyme
Are hung in fadeless folds about the subtile scythe of Time;
His graceful verse, its flowing ease, bear witness of the art
Wherewith our perfect poet plumbed the lyric of his heart.

R. E. Lee Gibson.

THE HIEROGLYPHICS OF GOD.

"They are the hieroglyphics of God."—*Archbishop Trench.*

Why all of this toiling in nature,
  This study of flowers and rocks?
What profit can come to the watcher
  By night of the heavenly flocks?
Why gather the life of the ocean,
  The life of the land and the air?
Why follow the wind and the lightning
  In search of their mystical lair?

Most gladly I answer your questions,
  O delver in classic lore,
Whose joy is the study of language
  Brought out of oblivion's store.
You linger o'er human inscriptions
  Exhumed from the crypt and the clod,
We study the language of nature—
  The hieroglyphics of God.

These beautiful flowers that blossom
  And grow without limit or dearth,
And after the winter come teeming
  From hidden recesses of earth,
Bring message to us of the rising
  Of long-sleeping men from the sod;
The message is written in flowers—
  The hieroglyphics of God.

The globe is a hoary old volume
  Whose leaves are the layers of stone,
And on them in letters of fossil
  The tale of the ages is strewn;
To read it we gather the fossils
  And tracks where the Saurians trod,
And bring them in patience together—
  The hieroglyphics of God.

Above us the scroll of the heavens
  For patient translation is spread,
And mighty in bright constellations
  Can the tale of the kosmos be read;
By scanning the skies thro' the centuries
  While other men slumbering nod,
The watchers unravel their meaning—
  Those hieroglyphics of God.

We gather the life of the ocean,
  The life of the land and the air,
And patiently search for the kinship
  That each to his neighbor does bear;
No matter how strangely constructed—
  No matter how common, how odd—
These creatures are chapters of record
  In hieroglyphics of God.

The wind and the lightning we study
  Tho' mystery their origin shroud,
The one is of kin to the sunshine—
  The other is born of the cloud;
They each may be caged for a moment
  And energize bellows or rod,
But both are the symbols of spirit
  And hieroglyphics of God.

Your puzzles were gendered by mortals–
  Your problems invented by men
Who tarried awhile in the earthlife,
  Then vanished forever again.
But ours is an Author undying
  Whose pen is a magical rod;
Forever His scroll of the heavens is spread,
Forever His flowery page to be read,
Forever His fossils discourse of the dead—
  All hieroglyphics of God.

T. Berry Smith.

THE LONG AGO.

I 'm thinking to-night of the long, long ago
And a pair of blue eyes that were bright,
And a form that was timid and shrinking and lithe,
And a hand that was pretty and white.
We sat on the banks of the swift-running stream,
In the heat of the summer noon's glow,
And paddled our feet in the water and played,
In the sweet, in the blest long ago.

We talked of the time when, as woman and man,
We would launch our small boat on the stream,
And float in repose its smooth current along,
And life would then be like a dream;
When we 'd gather the flowers from its grass-covered banks,
And dance to its ripple and flow;
But that was a time when we were both young—
In the beautiful, sweet long ago.

The mocking-bird came and sang a sweet song,
And gladdened our hearts with his tune,

And we lingered and played on the banks of the stream,
Till we saw the red crest of the moon
Through the willow tops green that bent o'er the stream,
And mingled their branches below,
And dipped in the clear and swift-running brook,
In the sacred, the sweet long ago.

We lingered and played till the sun chased the shade,
And the shadows grew narrow and long,
And the whippoorwill came to the banks of the stream
And sang us his sad, plaintive song.
We lingered and played in the gathering shade,
'Neath the willow boughs bending down low,
And we tripped along home in the fast-coming gloom,
In the beautiful, blest long ago.

I have floated, dear Ettie, far, far down the stream,
Where the current is bold, rough and strong,
But I gather no flowers from its steep, rugged banks,
And I miss the sweet mocking-bird's song;

My sky is o'ercast with great shadows of doubt,
As I view the swift current below,
And my heart will turn back to the stream where we played
In the sweet, in the blest long ago.

I sigh for the sacred and sweet trust we gave,
Where the willow boughs bent o'er the stream,
And the mocking-bird sang, and the sun chased the shade,
Although like a child I may seem.
I long to return to the dear, blessed spot,
And catch the departing sun's glow,
And gather the flowers on the banks of the stream,
As we did in the long, long ago.

Willis P. King.

THE LITTLE PEACH.

[From *A Little Book of Western Verse*, copyrighted, 1889, by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons]

A little peach in the orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw,
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew.
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well! its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

Eugene Field.

MOTHER'S PICTURE.

A little case, the dust now covers;
A worn-out clasp, a broken hinge.
Some velvet of a faded tinge—
While memory round it sweetly hovers.

Within there is a gentle face—
The soft brown eyes, the glossy hair,
The peaceful brow, serene and fair,
Are all within the old-time case.

With sweet simplicity so rare,
A soul so pure, a heart so gay,
The picture shows in girlhood's day
Our mother's face so young and fair.

Susan Alexander.

THE SUNFLOWER.

Did he hold your face between his palms
  And whisper, "Sweet, I love you"?
Was the wind of summer a storm of balms
  With the bright sky blue above you?

Did you tremble there in the morning air
  Like the aspen, tall and slender,
When he kissed you softly and called you fair
  With passionate lips and tender?

My yellow sunflower, well I know
  How you plighted faith, believe me!
Your careless face in the summer glow
  Does not in the least deceive me.

Through shine and shadow, the livelong day,
  Your face is turned to your lover,
And I know—I know what your heart would
    say,
  Though your lips will not discover.

Since your love came over the hill, and shone
  On you, in your golden glory,
How many sunflowers, newly blown,
  Has he told the same sweet story?

You will not answer; you know full well,
As you hold none else above him,
That whatsoever your love may tell
You trust—because you love him.

O, false and fickle! he loves them all,
And he kisses each with passion,
Yet every sunflower, fair and tall,
Believes in the selfsame fashion.

Ah, well! you love him, and so I say
Be glad, ere you discover,
Poor golden bloom, as you will, some day,
That yours is a faithless lover!

Anne Tozier.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

A little ray of sunshine
Crept thro' a lattice closed,
And stopped upon a cushion
Whereon a babe reposed.
The child awoke and saw it,
Then laughed in happy mood;
And so a ray of sunshine
Accomplished something good.

T. Berry Smith.

EVENING MISTS.

Evening mists roll up the river,
  Gloom-touched clouds go drifting by,
Golden light-lines thread the wavelets,
  Spun from out a flame-wrapped sky.
Dreams of sunrise tip the border
  As the yielding shadows flow;
Resurrection, repetition,
  Whispered from the dying glow.

Like the hope of great hereafters
  Proving on the pallid face;
Like that hope resplendent silvering
  Through the mists of growing grace.
Grander grows the swell of silence
  Surging down the compact gloom;
Fuller yet the tide of memory
  Lapping at a dream-filled tomb.

Softly through the world of shadow
  Sounds the cry of thrush or merle;
Softly over tree and river
  Drifts of massing ether swirl.
But the wayward throb of longing
  Beats beyond the realm of sight;
In the mist we lose the earth-world
  While the world of dream grows bright,

Hark the songs that float from heaven
'Cross the evening's great red seal!
Hark the autumn memories thronging
In the fading of the real!
Nature mist-wreathed is a symbol
Of the tenser life within
Through whose glooms we catch the mystic
Making o'er the hushing din.

Rose E. Young.

THE LIGHTNING.

"O Gaffer," the grandchild sweetly said,
As back she tossed her curly head,
"I know what makes the clouds look red.

"The angels have their homes inside
And light their lamps at eventide,
As we do here where we abide;

"And when an angel opes his door,
The lamplight flashes out before
And makes the clouds look red all o'er."

T. Berry Smith.

THE DISH-WASHER.

[Written when twelve years old.]

With a table of dishes before her,
And a pan of hot water and soap,
With her sleeves pushed up to her elbows,
Who can with the dish-washer cope?

Such is the queen of the dish-pan,
And the tea-kettle sings by her side,
And the dishes rattle and clatter
As they are placed in the pan to be dried.

First come the goblets and glassware
For their bath in the hot soap-suds:
Then come the cups and the saucers
For a dash in the cleansing floods.

Last of all come the pots and the pans,
And the dish-washer ceases to sing,
And she clutches a knife very fiercely
And scrapes till the old kitchen rings.

At last the dishes are done,
And the song returns to her lips;
And the queen of the dish-pan retires
With several unmaidenly skips.

Jessie Andis.

THE STORM-CLOUD AND THE BOW.

I stood in the valley at even,
And gazed on the dark storm-cloud;
As swiftly it rose o'er the mountain,
With mutterings deep and loud.
Ere long it hung over the valley,
And obscured the glowing skies,
While continual flames of lightning
Dazzled and blinded mine eyes.
The storm burst, but soon its fury
Was spent and 'twas over, when, lo!
I raised mine eyes to the mountain,
And beheld the glittering bow.

While gazing with awe on its splendor,
To me came a beautiful thought:
That the storm just o'er was an emblem
Of sorrow our life is fraught,
That often bursts darkly upon us
When our skies appear fair and bright;
The glittering bow a symbol
Of peace dawning after Care's night.
Each life has its blessings and pleasures,
And each has its load of care,
And often the burdens laid on us
Seem greater than we can bear.

But in time they will all fall from us,
If peace we will seek in prayer,
And our souls will be the purer,
As after the storm the air.
Through all the ages forever,
As long as the storm-cloud blows;
As long as Satan is loosened,
And prowling amongst us goes;
May the bow (unto men) resplendent,
On the face of the cloud appear;
May its shadow o'er all fall gently,
And hearts that are sorrowing cheer.

Clarence E. Arbuckle.

THE THREE SISTERS.

Life, Love, and Death are sisters three,
That captive held me for a space:
Life scorned my hopes; Love mocked at me;
Death only wears a smiling face.

Minnie McIntyre.

TRIFLES.

Little things are trifles,
  And yet no trifle 's small—
Little fragments stony
  Make up this earthly ball.

Little crystal snow-flakes
  Make up the mighty drift,
Little drops of water
  Compose the river swift.

Little coral-builders
  Erect the ocean isle,
Little deeds of kindness
  Make saddened faces smile.

Night is made the brighter
  By light of little star,
Little deeds and actions
  Determine what we are.

Do no act of evil,
  Though but a little thing;
Do life's little duties,
  For happiness they bring.

T. Berry Smith.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

They say there 's a castle far over the sea
In a forest so dim and old,
That the shadows of night overreach the day,
And light into darkness goes fleeing away—
A darkness like chaos of old.

And its halls have been haunted a thousand years,
Is the story that 's oft been told,
And sighing is heard in the boughs of the trees
Like moaning of waves on some far distant seas—
As they break on the sands so cold.

And the old folks say, at the midnight hour,
When the winds and the waves are still,
That sepulchered voices are heard to speak
And the casements rattle and the old stairs creak,
And the shutters go round at will.

And the doors go open and the doors go shut
And strange lights are seen in the hall,
While sighing and wailing are heard in the gloom
As phantom steps creep through the old oaken room
And myst'ry is over all.

Oh, a haunted castle is the human heart,
Like the one that stands by the sea,
Where our dead come back from that far-away shore
To wander again as they wandered of yore
When walking with you and with me.

And footsteps are heard at the dead of the night,
That ghostliest hour of all,
And sometimes there comes a soft rustle of wing,
While fragments of song that we once heard them sing
Go echoing through mem'ry's hall.

And the pale-faced forms that we have laid away
Beneath the flowers and the dew
Will oftentimes come in a shadowy train
To roam through the heart's haunted halls again—
Come to me, and to *you* and *you*.
And if haunted the castle that stands by the sea,
Mine is haunted enough for me.

F. Burdette Wilson.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

'The nightingale, when deprived of its mate, withdraws into some lone nook of the forest and gradually pines away and dies."—*Natural History.*

Sweet bird of the forest,
  Thine heart-thrilling song
Is born of deep sorrow,
  Yet speaks not of wrong.

Thy lone heart is singing
  Beyond thy control,
And barters for music
  Thy grief-laden soul.

Yes, deep in the forest,
  Withdrawn from the day,
Sweet bird, thou art singing
  Thy lone heart away.

But long ere the morrow
  Thy spirit shall be blessed,
Thy heart will cease singing,
  Thy soul be at rest.

William C. Barnard.

ONLY.

Only a little casket
With linings of dainty blue—
Only the flash of a diamond
Prismatic in its hue.
Only a snap of the claspings,
Only the splash of a tear,
Only a sigh—a still heart-cry—
For broken dreams so dear.

Only a lover's quarrel
With all the bitter pain—
Only a broken engagement
Rending two lives in twain—
Only a sad remembrance
Of cruel words that sting—
Only the woe fond hearts oft know,
For love is a tyrant king.

Only a heart grown humble,
A spirit proud grown meek—
Only an intense longing
For pardon—men too are weak.
Only a soft "forgive me"
Falls sweet on listening ears,
A tender thrill—a sweet "I will"—
And eyes grow dim with tears.

Only a glad renewing
  Of plighted vows again—
Only two hearts o'erflowing
  With joy akin to pain.
Only the flash of a diamond
  On dimpled hand so white,
And not a sigh—nor faint heart-cry—
  Love reigns supreme to-night!

Mildred S. McFaden.

AIR CASTLES.

Why should we deem it idle,
  Or a child's play or a snare,
For men to build their castles
  In the air?

Beside them, who has buildings?
  And God builds them, oh, so fair!
For this world is but a castle
  Built in air;

The sun and stars a city
  Floating on the ether rare;
And heaven a palace-castle
  In the air.

C. L. Phifer.

THE BEREAVED.

I turn mine inward gaze along that sea,
Where memory's troubled waves are ever flowing,—
Where dismal wrecks of hopes and joys I see,
Still floating near, yet ever from me going;
And still above that murmuring sea of yore,
And all the ashy fruit it casts ashore,
I think I see my Darling.

Now, as I sit, deep in the dreary night,
And feel dark phantom forms around me closing,
Or trace out images of past delight
Amid the embers on my lone hearth dozing,
I start to find myself alone, for there,—
Beside me,—where now stands a vacant chair,
I 'd thought to see my Darling.

I cast my eyes out on the midnight sky
And in each orb, so dreamily there twinkling,
Methinks I see, down glancing from on high,
A seraph's gaze; and mid that vast besprinkling
Of high celestial radiance,—all night long,—
I search and search, throughout the angel throng,
In hopes to see my Darling.

I hear a voice come from that seraph band,—
A sad, sweet anthem through that high host pealing,—
I hear a whisper from the spirit land,
A thrilling hope to my sad soul revealing;—
A hope which tells me that when death shall come
To my embrace, above yon starlit dome,
Once more I 'll see my Darling.

John Jay Bailey.

TO A RED-HEAD.

The lass I love has bonny auburn hair;
Her amber curls like golden sunbeams glare,
Or like the cloven tongues of lambent flame
That wreathe the temples of some child of Fame.
Above her head a crown of golden light,
Like Judah's altar, shimmers day and night,
And, like the vestal lamp of ancient Rome,
Will blaze forever in some happy home;
Or, like the lofty cliff, as Goldsmith told,
That lifts above the clouds its crown of gold,
Though storms and tempests round her bosom spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on her head.

William M. Paxton.

POPPING CORN.

In the fire-place's ruddy light,
Phyllis sat with me, one night,
Popping corn;
Merrily the white-coats danced,
While I oft at Phyllis glanced,
Sitting there like one entranced,
Popping corn.

Shadows deep above us hung,
To and fro her hand she swung,
Popping corn;
And the elf-like dance kept pace
With my heart-beats, as her face
Shone with new and added grace,
Popping corn.

Till, beneath the magic spell
Of the night, I told her—well,
Popping corn
Is a pastime full of guile,
And the "popping"—ah, you smile!
But take care, I pray you, while
Popping corn!

Will H. Cline.

TO RILEY.

I hev shet yer book, Jim Riley,
An' with it shet my eyes
Jess ter swim a blessed minnit
In the summer of yer skies.
I kin feel the breath of June-time
A-playin' on my face,
That takes me back in mem'ry
To my mother's dear ole place.

When you talk about the ole times
It 's as sweet as kingdom come,
An' I 'm glad you 've written, Riley,
On "Poems Here at Home."
I 've felt like doin' it myself,
But I couldn't find the time,
An' somehow, when I hed the thoughts
I couldn't make 'em rhyme.

I kin hear the pewee chirpin'
Ez he bobs upon the limb,
An' it all comes back so nacheral
Thet I thank you fer it, Jim;
You hev heerd the children singin'
In honeysuckle-time,
An' hev tuk their voices' music
An' made it inter rhyme.

You hev touzeled in the clover
An' laughed out loud in glee
At the funny story told it
By the courtin' bumbly-bee;
You hev heerd the trees a-whisperin',
An' hev put it in yer book,
An' you know the purty meanin'
Of the ripple of the brook.

So I 've shet yer book, Jim Riley,
An' with it shet my eyes
An' dream I am a-swimmin'
In yer summer's meller skies.
Here 's lookin' at ye, Riley,
An' a-hopin' you will be
A-singin' up in heaven
When I reach eternity.

William R. Hereford.

THE CHARIOTEER.

Through the wan dark, before the day,
I hear his mist-white chariot roll,
As tenderly he bears away
A tired, tremulous human soul.

Mine eyes have seen him; and I know
By this clear vision, heaven sent,
Not as a warrior, not as a foe
Comes Death, but with a friend's intent.

And when, though life be young and fair,
His steed shall stop beside my gate,
I will make haste to meet him there,
And softly whisper, "Thou art late."

I 'll fold his robe about me then,
And nestle down, and smiling say,
"I hoped that thou hadst halted when
I saw thee journeying, yesterday."

Anne Tozier.

AUTUMN RAIN.

O, the dark and dismal, dripping
Autumn rain!
I am weary of the dreary,
Ceaseless, moaning, droning, dripping
Of the rain!

I have spent the day in dipping
Into books,—
Scanning o'er a poem, story,
In a desultory dipping
In my books.

I have revelled in the glories
Of the Past;
And have tasted of the wasted,
Withered, olden, golden glories
Of the Past.

But the dark and dismal, dripping
Autumn rain!
I am weary of the dreary,
Ceaseless, moaning, droning, dripping
Of the rain!

Will the cloud-eclipsèd sun
Ne'er shine again?
Will it ever—will it never
Kiss this dismal, sin-sick world
And smile again?

Lo, behold! the clouds are lifting
Even now!
Earth grows brighter, heaven lighter,
For the shifting clouds are lifting
Even now!

Yes, complaining heart, the sun
Will shine again!
All thy sorrow ere to-morrow
Will have lifted and the sun
Will smile again.

James F. Gore.

BABY ASLEEP.

Baby is slumbering under the trees,
Rocked in the hammock, fanned by the breeze;
Stray bits of sunshine playfully seek
Sweetest of kisses on baby's soft cheek.

Baby is dreaming and mamma bends low,
Counting the dimples as smiles come and go;
Angels are hovering, gilding her dreams,
Baby has played with them—see how she beams.

Baby is sleeping while rocked to and fro,
Mamma is singing with voice tempered low;
Baby and mamma and angels and sleep
Under the shade-tree sweet vigils keep.

Frank S. Hastings.

BACK OF ALL.

"While we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—*St. Paul, II. Cor. iv. 18.*

Back of the shadow, the substance;
  Back of the semblance, the truth;
Back of all matter, the spirit
  Lives in perennial youth.

Back of the known is the unknown;
  Back of the seen, the unseen;
Back of the infinite ages,
  Infinite ages have been.

Back of each poem 's a poem;
  Back of each song is a song;
Back of the richest emotions,
  Richer emotions throng.

Back of each deep aspiration,
  Back of all ravishing dreams,
Back of the soul's secret thought,
  Somewhere, the source of all teems.

Back of the truth is more truth,
  Back of all truth is God;
Back to that source of all being
  Souls through the ages have trod.

Back of each point and each atom,
Back of the infinite sphere,
Back of the infinite infinite,
Infinite energy 's there.

God is that infinite energy,
Back of and in and through all—
Up from that source rise all beings,
Wave like, they rise and they fall.

M. L. Hoffman.

A TRAGEDY.

A worn old horse, a cable-slot by many widths too wide,
A humble hoof that found itself wedged painfully inside.
A writhing form; an awkward job; a foot beyond repair;
A pistol-shot; the peace of death; an empty wagon there.
Some poor man's bread and butter gone. Of small things 'tis the least,
Only man's inhumanity to man and poor dumb beast.

Minnie McIntyre.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

Ah! dress-suit, you and I have spent
A most delightful summer season;
The two weeks at the seashore went
Without a sign from you of treason.
If you had let the secret slip,
I think I should have gone demented;
I might as well have packed my grip
If you had told that you were rented.

I fancy that we looked quite swell
That night we led in the cotillion;
From our appearance none could tell
We were not worth at least a million.
We loved a dozen charming girls—
We really were beyond resistance—
And one, whose eyes and wayward curls
Still linger with a strange persistence.

But what 's the use to sigh in vain?
Instead we both should be contented—
I, peddling products of my brain,
While you continue to be rented.
And so I 'll send you back to-night,
With some regret, to Jacob Hirsch's;
And then begin again to write—
Hard fate! society's light verses.

William R. Hereford.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Gaining by sinuous path the frowning height,
Thro' wildwoods fragrant with the breath of May,
I see below me in the morning light
The landscape stretch away.

My step along the echoing bowlders rings;
Some lone bird flutters from its dim retreat;
Some black bats scatter, with bewildered wings,
At my approaching feet.

Sharp bits of chiseled flint-rock strew the ground,
Old arrow-heads—I hardly know their name—
No more to whistle at the bow's rebound,
True to the archer's aim.

From ferny fissures springing in the breeze,
Wild roses rustle with their wealth of bloom,
Shedding from rifled blossoms, prized by bees,
Wafts of their faint perfume.

Along the slant a swimming vapor furls,
Clings like a thin cloud in the silvery sky,
Till lightly shaken into airy curls,
A zephyr sweeps it by.

Here, when the solemn midnight waves her wand,
Two Indian shades appear, with flowing locks—
A maiden and her lover, hand in hand,
Glide o'er the moonlit rocks;

Glide up the rugged steep, from cleft to cleft,
Their light feet glimpsing under streaming stoles,
And where they step, the gemmeous footprints left
Glow, like ignescent coals!

The hawk forsakes its nest with clamorous flight;
Fleet hares go springing down the winding way;
A copperhead uncoils in sheer affright,
And slips beneath a spray.

The aged and garrulous pioneer who dwells
Where yon blue wreaths of towering smoke arise,
To the sweet children of his household tells
The legend in this wise:

In days before the white intruder came,
A Shawnee girl, the floweret of her tribe,
Felt the strange wine of love suffuse her frame
And her whole soul imbibe.

But dark the deadly draught was mixed with woe!
Her heart from its belov'd was sundered wide,
And, all the hope she cherished thus laid low,
She droop'd at length and died;

Just as the flow'rets in their beauty fade—
The fresh young blue-bell by the jaunty rill,
And the meek violet in the woodland shade,
The aster on the hill!

They made beneath this bluff her narrow grave,
Where, rippling by the rocks, the brooklet sings,
And the cool ferns and water-lilies wave,
And the wild birds wet their wings.

Then, ere the forest doff'd its green array,
He who convoked her sad, untimely fate,
Threw, in a distant war, his life away—
The wrong to expiate.

The new moon framed on high its radiant arch,
When on rude bier, draped with a panther's hide,
His mangled corse was borne with solemn march
And buried by her side.

Tho' many a season has advanced since then,
And many a moon has waxed and waned away,
And in their stead a mightier race of men
Holds undisputed sway,

From happy hunting-grounds, thro' which they range,
They still return at noiseless dead of night,
The sweets of ardent pledges to exchange
On this eternal height!

R. E. Lee Gibson.

THIS WOULD I DO.

If I were a rose,
This would I do:
I would lie upon the white neck of her I love,
And let my life go out upon the fragrance
Of her breath.

If I were a star,
This would I do:
I would look deep down into her eyes,
Into the eyes I love, and learn there
How to shine.

If I were a truth strong as the Eternal One,
This would I do:
I would live in her heart, in the heart
I know so well, and
Be at home.

If I were a sin,
This would I do:
I would fly far away, and tho' her soft hand
In pity were stretched out, I would not stay, but fly,
And leave her pure!

Constance Faunt Le Roy Runcie.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY.

The sun is bright and warm to-day,
  And all the world is fair,
And Nature's intense, yearning breath
  Is tingling on the air.
But a sad, sad thought has come to me,
  Making my heart grow cold;
For though the world is fresh and fair,
  I am growing old.

I had not thought of it before,
  Life seemed so true and bright,
I thought myself a child at play
  And none with heart more light.
But the years have slipped me by, I see,
  Time's hurrying would not hold;
And so,—no use to hide the truth,—
  I am growing old.

A few more years,—a few more years,
  My past will lie behind;
Sweet in the shroud of purest hopes,
  Dear to my inmost mind.
I think 'twill haunt my after life,
  That spirit young and bold,
Taking me back to the Long Ago,
  Ere I was growing old.

And still the sun is bright and warm,
  And still the world is fair.
Why should the breath of passing years
  Breathe me a sigh of care?
A thought comes stealing to my heart,
  My sadder thoughts to leaven:
The older I grow to this old world,
  The younger I grow to heaven.

J. Breckenridge Ellis.

RESURRECTION.

The butterfly bathes in the pulsing light,
  And its life is as one with the living day,
While the wingless worm in the gloom of the night
  Spins the web for its shroud of gray.

When the soul of the world breaks forth in bloom,
  And the butterfly feeds on the scent of the rose,
When her life is a dream of light and perfume,
  Can the butterfly know what the caterpillar knows?

William Vincent Byars.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness
of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the
gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps by the Gal-
ilean sea,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the
street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the
slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from be-
twixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion
strong and fleet,
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with a
music far and dim—
The music of the coming of his feet.

Comes he sandaled not with silver, girdled not
with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and
odors sweet;
But white-winged and shod with glory in the
Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting
peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete.
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming
brings release.
I listen for the coming of his feet.

Lyman Whitney Allen.

SPIRIT DREAMS.

My spirit sits dreaming forever
The sorrowful dreams of old,
The passionate dreams of old,
Yes, wildly it dreams of the river,
The river I loved of old,
The sorrowful, dim, haunted river, the river I worshiped of old;

Yes, dreams my soul by this river,
This river which lies in the South,
This death-shadowed stream of the South,
Where passionate star-beams quiver
To torture my soul for its troth;
And spirits come mocking my sorrow, yes, mocking my death-broken troth.

Yes, o'er a lone tomb by this river,
This river I loved of old,
So weird since days of old,
My spirit sits weeping forever
And dreaming sad dreams of old,
Sad dreams of a beautiful maiden who faded and died of old.

Away from this sorrowful river
My spirit shall never more go,
No peri can tempt it to go,
But dreaming it sits there forever
And sighs o'er the waters that flow,
Yes, mingles its moans with the river, the soul-haunted stream, in its flow.

William C. Barnard.

NOVEMBER AND JUNE.

I know the deep soul of the river
When the clouds steal its laughter away;
When its waters glide darkling and shiver
For sorrow of winter gray.
When they whisper farewell to the sun-time;
When they sob in their low monotone,
I have caught the lilt of their sad rhyme;
Its meaning and message I 've known.

I know the glad heart of the river;
Its secret is soul of my soul;
Its whispers I catch as they quiver;
When its bright waters cumberless roll;
When they roll and dance in the sunshine;
When they leap and laugh in their flow;
When they spring to quaff of the day-wine;
All the joy of the draught I know!

William Vincent Byars.

OUR COUNTRY.

The stream, that from the northern hill
  Into the valley brightly pours,
May ripple on and on until
  It reaches flow'ry southern shores.
The same wild birds that sweetly sing
  Mid northern scenes in summer-time,
When winter comes, their way will wing
  To some far-distant southern clime.

The same great sea, whose voice awakes
  The echoes of New England's strand,
Rolls on afar until it breaks
  On Carolina's beach of sand.
The breeze that o'er the frozen peak
  Of northern land, at morning, roves,
At eve, may kiss the maiden's cheek,
  Who wanders thro' the orange groves.

Alike the mournful willows weep
  Their dewy tears above the grave,
Where northern hero lies asleep,
  And rests the gallant southern brave.
Alike the creeping tendrils twine—
  Alike the flowers brightly bloom—
Alike the stars of evening shine
  On northern and on southern tomb.

Thus, nature doth the lesson teach
That God alike regards us all,
And that, impartially, on each,
His blessings He allows to fall;
And yet our passion-blinded eyes
Refuse the lesson taught, to read,
And oft we let dissensions rise
With bitter word and wrongful deed.

May He who on the troubled deep
Said to the tempest, "Peace, be still!"
When winds and waters fell asleep,
And surging seas obeyed His will,
Our country keep from cruel wars,
And love, akin to His, impart
To all beneath the stripes and stars,
And make us, ever, one in heart!

Horace A. Hutchison.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

Time creeps on,—
  The hours slow flying,
  The rose-buds dying,
And childhood 's gone.

Time steals on,—
  The fragrant flowers
  Fill all earth's bowers,
And youth is gone.

Time speeds on,—
  The blossom'd roses
  Are withered posies,
And manhood 's gone.

Time hastes on,—
  With wither'd, faded
  Flowers earth is laded,
And life is gone.

Frank Triplett.

MURILLO'S IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Flowing like a veil of sunlight
  Gleams her silken rippling hair,
With her glorious eyes to heaven
  Raised in mute and rapturous prayer;
Features glowing soft in beauty,
  Every curve of grace so pure,
Face of heavenly joy and patience,
  Great to love and to endure.

Like a lily, whose snow petals
  Cannot hide the heart of gold,
On this lovely face the story
  Of her life is clearly told;
Gleams the purity of Heaven,
  Glows the strength of mother-love,
Deep the human adoration,
  Grand the glory from above.

Peace and hope, ecstatic gladness,
  Throw their light soft o'er her face;
Sweet, true prayers rise up within us,
  As we murmur, "Full of grace."
Could a human hand inspired
  Save by Heaven such beauty trace?
God reward thee, great Murillo,
  For the gift of Mary's face.

Bertha May Ivory.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

The earliest lark had climbed to meet
  The sun, and though the forest spread
Its rustling skirts o'er vanished feet,
  The light prints told of morning's tread.

While sifted through the bashful gloom,
  The soft day-light fell pink and fair,
Till Earth's cheek wore a flush of bloom,
  Though Time had planted furrows there.

For O a beauteous sisterhood
  Of blossoms there together grew,
And there a little primrose stood
  As Nature drew its curtains to!

And where it dreamed, the East grew shy,
  With tremors of a rose-cocoon,
Till—like a golden butterfly,
  Afar, scarce tilting on the noon,

The sun, in sky-fields sloping west,
  Had settled at the edge of sight,
With still, clapped wings, as if its quest
  Had been the starry lawn of night,

When lo! the primrose raised its head
To peep from out a curtain fold,
And as I passed, the twilight spread
For me, a little face of gold.

Although 'twas but a timid face,—
Though but a primrose Time had sown,—
None other saw it slyly raise
The beauty that was mine alone.

And somewhere O if I but see
In passing, dropped from hour to hour
Down through the years, Love has for me—
A little flower, a little flower!

William Emory Griffith.

CRIPPLE TIM.

The bootblacks and newsboys had missed "Cripple Tim"
For more than a week, and were talking of him
When into their council, pinched, careworn, and thin,
With cheeks pale and hollow, he came limping in.
"Bin sick, Tim?" said one; "Bin away?" said another.
But Tim only murmured: "Bin a-nursin' my brother."
And added: "Say, kids, here 's my kit fur two bits.
Say, take it, some feller. I 'll throw in these mitts."

The bargain once driven, his quarter in sight,
Tim entered the newsroom and started to write;
And tears filled the eyes of the warm-hearted clerk
As he read the result of Tim's labored work;
But it went into press just as Tim wrote it down,
And was spelled out in whispers by the waifs of the town.

"burnin feVer tuk him an hes DeD
tim's onlY bruther liTTle teD
Gon up tu heVen thats aLL
funral termorrer city haLL"

"Kin it go fur a quarter?" said Tim with a sob.
"I sold out my kit fur to pay fur the job.
'Cause he died in my arms an' I want's him ter see,
Way up there with mother, how he stood here with me."

Tim's kit filled with flowers they took to his den,
Each newsboy and bootblack contributing "ten,"
And Ted's little coffin as it sank 'neath the sod
Was a tribute from street-waifs sent straight to their God.

To Nature's warm touch each heart like a rose
Unfolds in the garden of poor human woes.

Frank S. Hastings.

THE SISTERS.

Night, in the chambered East,
  Sits, with Dawn at the door.
Dropped from her golden feast,
  Star-crumbs scatter the floor.

Mice, from behind the sun,
  Patter along the sky:
Nibbling the crumbs they run,
  Touching with foot-prints shy.

Echoes, of purring sound,
  Softly begin to grow.
Nothing more to be found;
  Scamper—away they go.

Dawn, in the chambered East,
  Sits by an open door.
Night has gone from the feast:
  Barren of crumbs the floor.

William Emory Griffith.

DREAM DRIFT.

Dreams drift out of the shadow land,
  Drifting to you and to me,
Bringing us shadows out of the shapes
  That flit in its mystery.
Shadows of happiness, shadows of smiles,
  Trooping an endless throng,
That fade as quick as the summer shower
  Hushes a harvest song.

I am weary, too—aweary.
  Yet the winds and the clouds sweep by,
And the fierce gray form of the winter day
  Seeks not to mark their boundary.
Yet, I reckon oft in my foolish heart,
  That out of this dream débris
That is hurrying by on the tide of time,
  I can shape my destiny!

And once when I saw you bow your head
  To hide the teardrops' trace,
I saw where they had marked their way
  All on your face—your face!
And I wondered then if the dream drift
  Had wafted a shadow fair
That had turned to space when you reached to lay
  Your hand upon its hair.

And I could not say as you turned away
Your eyes that the brine had wet:
"Life and its clangor is too a dream—
Forget, forget, forget!"

G. W. Ogden.

FLOS CÆLESTIS.

I, for a moment *free* one set of sun,
Walked in the sweet, supernal fields
Amid the flowering of that which yields
The essence of high deeds being done.
And, as I stood, a sudden fragrance near
Wrapped me about with happiness air-clear.
On search, I found the aromal joy to be
Outflowing from a lily newly sprung,
And instantly, the bending blades among.
I backward looked to *earth* for meaning of the mystery,
And saw that—greater than man's wont of sacrifice
And gift of self to others' needs—
One added to the tale of noblest deeds,
And thus a flower had sprung in Paradise.

Austin Arnold McCausland.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

[From *A Little Book of Western Verse*, copyrighted, 1889, by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

I count my treasures o'er with care,—
  The little toy my darling knew,
  A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,
  My little one—my all to me—
  Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head,
  If Santa Claus should come to-night,
  What shall he bring my baby bright,—
What treasures for my boy?" I said.

And then he named this little toy,
  While in his round and mournful eyes
  There came a look of sweet surprise,
That spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer
  He asked the boon with childish grace,
  Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung this little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With singing to our lowly home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,
For in the morn, with rapturous face,
He toddled to the chimney-place,
And found this little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide,—
That angel host, so fair and white!
And singing all that glorious night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A-watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train
And golden-head come back to me,
To bear me to Eternity,
My watching will not be in vain!

Eugene Field.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

When sad of heart and spirit—tired,
  We strive to pierce the gloom
Which shrouds our onward weary path
  Through sorrow to the tomb,

From out the gloom a ray appears,
  Familiar faces shine,—
Sweet faces of our childhood days,
  Enshrined by love divine.

They come like gleams of sunshine,
  To gladden our later years;
They lift the gloom from off the heart
  And dry up sorrow's tears.

The searcher on the path of fame,
  The toiler by the way,
May gain a laurel, win a name,—
  The marvel of a day.

But wearied with the world's applause,
  How much his heart rejoices
When from the dreamy past he hears
  The old familiar voices!

They come like gleams of sunshine,
To gladden our later years;
They lift the gloom from off the heart
And dry up sorrow's tears.

Julius Luther Marshall.

"ICH DIEN."

Oh, humble motto of a royal knight!
I take thee for mine own; thou suitest me,
Whose state is lowly and of poor degree!
I cannot *lead*, like Edward, in the fight
The soul doth wage 'gainst evil for the right,
Yet I can *serve* as faithfully as he.
For lowliest deeds, well done, shall be
Plumes of true honor o'er a crown most bright!

And should my heart rebel when, laurel-crowned,
Earth's victors pass me to the thrilling strain
Of martial music, I will crush the pain
That winds, with snaky folds, my heart around,
And say with him*—that poet true and great—
"They also serve who only stand and wait!"

Adela Stevens-Cody.

*Milton.

AS YEARS GO BY.

I mark how seasons come and go,
How waters ebb and waters flow,
And how, each year, sweet roses show,
And how each winter hath its snow,
As years go by.

I note the wild birds' tuneful song
Sent through the spring-time all along,
And how the hosts of Nature throng
With ne'er a bar or quaver wrong,
As years go by.

I mind how things, once eager sought,
Seem less and less until as naught
They come and beg to stay, unbought;
'Tis vain—the mind is better taught
As years go by.

I see how friendships grow more near,
How life seems less and love more dear,
How fables vanish every year,
While truth shines on forever clear
As years go by.

I often muse, as time grows less,
Of how that siren—Happiness—
Is still besought to come and bless,
Yet oft refuses one caress,
As years go by.

I think—how close the future lies
Veiled from our troubled, tear-blind eyes;
And of that near-time, glad surprise,
When we shall enter Paradise—
As years go by.

Annie A. Stevens-Dugan.

JUST BEYOND.

We laugh at childhood's idle tale—
  The story quaint and old,
That near the rainbow's purple rim
  There gleams a pot of gold;
But eager youth oft sits and dreams
  Of journeys o'er the way,
In which the yellow gold still gleams,
  Each showery April day.

While trusting hearts and tireless feet
  Expect some day to go
Where "just beyond" the green earth meets
  The dazzling bended bow,
And gather up the shining gold,
  When the toilsome journey 's past,
And bear it home to cottage hearths,—
  A thing of joy at last.

But the long, long journey is never made,
  And youth to manhood grows,
And learns the gold is not attained,
  Though the sky holds many bows.
For age comes after, with shadowy smile,
  Repeating the story old,
Of April skies with rainbow hues,
  And heaps of yellow gold.

And so, forever, "just beyond"--
  Lies something we strive to attain,
And whether we lose, or whether we win,
  Life brings its joy and pain.
And we know its sky is a mist of blue,
  With a tangle of golden stars,
And a rift of cloud, with rain-drops through,
  And a bow with bended bars.

We know the earth is broad and green,
  With its rippling, murmuring waves,
Its fields of flowers, and vales between,
  And its quiet, hallowed graves;
For earth and sky seem ever to meet,
  Whichever way we turn,
And 'tis "just beyond," to youth or age,
  Whatever lessons we learn.

Oh, "just beyond"—there is always the bow
  Of promise that spans our way,
For which eager hearts and tireless feet
  Strive earnestly day by day,
Till, through the misty years that pass,
  We are weaving the web of life,
With a shimmer of gold where sunlight falls,
  Or a shadow which tells of strife.

But "just beyond," at life's journey's end,
Are treasures more precious than gold;
We know it is true as we eagerly list
To the story sweet and old;
And above the glimmer of golden stars
Or the misty skies of blue,
Above the bended bow of bars,
Is a fadeless life that is true.

Maria U. Musick.

AUGUST.

Under the quivering heat-haze,
Through whose shimmer the brown quail wades,
A-list to the moist corn voices
Speaking from wind-struck blades,
Sultrily fanned by gauzy wings
A-tilt in a sheer bandrol,
And lulled by a sound from tangled shades,
The wood-dove's "cool, cool,"
On a bed of billowy grasses,
Sunk in a languorous swoon,
O slumb'rous month, thou 'rt prone and a-dream,
Under a pale day moon.

Austin Arnold McCausland.

THE INDIAN PINK.

An Indian maid her sire beloved
  Had guarded through the night,
For wounded sore and weak he lay,
  Far from the bloody fight.

There came a foe beside their couch
  Beneath the wildwood tree,
And bade her leave her sire to him
  If she would yet be free.

With noble heart she kept her watch,
  Nor faltered from her trust,
Resolved beside him there to live
  Or perish if she must.

With dastard stroke he laid her low;
  And, where her blood flowed bright,
The spring-time marked the sacred spot
  With flower of crimson light.

Anna M. Weems.

FAITH.

My hopes, brave-hearted,
Have long departed
  Upon life's troubled sea;
Their barques, now scattered,
Are broken, shattered—
  They 'll never come home to me.

Hopes, richly bedecked,
On realities wrecked,
  Went down near home and shore;
Entombed by the waves,
In their coral graves,
  They rest and rise no more.

So nothing will last;
We strive till the past
  Envelops our mind's ideal,
Then we grope alone,
With tear and moan,
  Braving the storms of the real.

As we sadly grope
There 's yet one hope
No wave has overthrown—
All, *all* is not dark,
For Faith, in its barque,
Is sailing the sea alone.

John N. Edwards, Jr.

A FLOWER THERE BLOOMED.

Once a flower there bloomed with hope in its dyes;
'Twas born of the light of the soft sunny skies;
But faded one day
And fell by the way;
And now, when I see it with tears in my eyes,
I think of the glad hour when first I beheld,
Ere strangely and rudely the spoiler had felled;
And then evermore,
With heart sad and sore,
I fear the wild gloom which its beauty dispelled.

Anna M. Weems.

TRIBUTE TO JOE SHELBY.

[General Shelby died in Kansas City, Missouri, February 13, and was buried February 17, 1897.]

The civil war is over, yet memory oft revives
The scenes and incidents of active, noble lives.
But methinks the brave, true men who wore
the blue and gray
Ne'er mourned a common loss so sadly as
to-day.
A gallant hero 's fallen; and General Shelby's
name
(With its familiar record of military fame)
Is tenderly repeated in trem'lous, tearful tone,
And grief's memorial offering by loving trib-
utes shown.

Most generous and gracious in kindly word and
deed
Was he to widow's sorrow, to orphan's want
and need,
Still shall time and history an honored record
bear
Of true and worthy sentiment, of actions good
and fair,

Of loyalty to country and to his fellow-man,
That friend or foe alike may ever proudly scan.
His failings were but few, his virtues e'er shall shine
While glowing luster all undimmed by the lapse of time.

No more his country's need his loyalty can move,
No more through fear or favor his fortunes ever prove,
No more can anxious care or fateful ill befall,
For Death, the mighty conqueror, has overcome them all.
His friends, associates, comrades, have civic honors paid
And beside his loved and lost their faithful hero laid.
Martial notes and cannon's boom in mingled echoes tell
Of lingering regret and a sorrowful farewell.

Mary J. Benton.

THE GOD BEHIND THE BLUE.

'Twas a summer eve, and the air was sweet,
And the sky was a sapphire sea
That had ne'er been torn by the brazen prow
Or been mocked by the Storm King's glee.
'Twas as soft as that where the citron blooms
And the stars peep shyly through,
When a wandering child came forth to seek
For the God behind the blue.

He had oft been told that the great God dwells
In a home just beyond the sky,
And that angels carry the children there
When they sicken of earth and die.
"Must I wait so long, till the angels come
When I die, to bear me through?
No, I 'll go alone to the hills and climb
To the God behind the blue."

But the night came on and the dew was chill,
And the way was so dark, so cold,
That the child lay down on a bed of moss
And was found 'neath the branches old;
But he wept and said, as they bore him home
O'er a pathway strange and new,
"When a man, I 'll come again and climb
To the God behind the blue."

When the years had passed and that time had
come
When he stood in his fair youth's pride,—
When his glance was strong and his heart beat
high
With the rush of a spring-time tide,—
When he might have climbed to the mountain's
top
And have pierced the gray clouds through,
He had almost lost his childish faith
In a God behind the blue.

He had wed, and she whom he loved was fair,
And her brow like her soul was white,
And her small, weak hand held him back from
guilt
When he lost all love of right;
For he held with those of the newer creed,
With the duped, deluded few,
Who are wont to smile at the "pretty myth,"
Of a God behind the blue.

But the fair wife died in his arms one day,
And his rainbow dreams grew dim;
For what was the Christian's steadfast hope
In an after-life to him?

Was He just, that God of the Christian's faith?
  Could he think such things were true,
When he felt but now the chastening rod
  Of the God behind the blue?

There was only one who had power to calm
  All the storms of his spirit's deep,
Who could win him back from his frenzied
    state,
  And could soothe him at last to sleep;
'Twas the fair, sweet child, by the mother left
  As a guardian spirit true,
Who at last should lead that weary soul
  To the God behind the blue.

He is lying now in a breathless trance,
  His lips and his brow are cold,
But he bowed long since to the chastening rod,
  And in work for the Christ grows old.
He smiles to see that the skies are bright,
  That the sunbeams shimmer through
Ere he goes once more, a child, to seek
  For the God behind the blue.

Hattie E. Battson.

LINES TO A LILY.

Thou pride of Nature's mystic might,
With golden heart and robe of white!
At love's command,
My tremulous hand,
Reluctant, plucks thee from the throne,
Where thou art borne in state alone.

Fair type of purity and grace!
Fate gives to thee a nobler place,
O'er throbbing heart.
Oh, there impart
With whispers soft the story old,
The tale my lips would fain unfold.

Though beauty fade, love will remain,
Through all life's maze of joy and pain,
Still pure and new
And ever true,
Till ceases Time's resistless flow,
And perfect Love the soul shall know.

S. A. Lynch.

CHARITY.

True purity,
Oh rarity;
But rarer still
Is charity.

To throw a shield o'er others' woes,
To see the good in conquered foes,
To cure a heart sick from life's blows,
Is charity.

To bid a banished one, "Come in,"
Back from temptation and from sin,
To tread the path Christ did begin,
Is charity.

To know some good is in each heart,
To strive to see the better part,
To pray our censure may depart,
Is charity.

Then save, not sink a struggling one,
And help repentance once begun,
And pray God blot our sins, each one,
With charity.

Grace Hewitt Sharp.

DEAD NATIONS.

"Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashing—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep."—*Bryant.*

Where are the nations that have lived and died,
That have come and gone with the silent tide
Of the years?
What of their coming,
What of their going,
What of their reaping,
What of their sowing,
Of hopes and fears—
Heartaches and tears?
To think, the dust beneath our feet
Did one day walk, where we now meet
In all the busy haunts of life,
And, like us, lived in toil and strife;
And where were empires of renown,
Grim forests now are looking down,
And weird watch keeping in the gloom
O'er nameless dust and nameless tomb.

To what eternity have they fled—
This voiceless dust—this myriad dead?
I cannot tell; can you?
But this I know—where e'er it be—
Or what it holds for you or me—
We 're going too.

F. Burdette Wilson.

PURITY AND HOPE IN DEATH.

Flowers shed their sweetest breath
When the white frosts blight,
And eyes which close in death
Give their truest light.

The earth weeps tear of dew
Over the vanished day;
And true eyes fill with sorrow, too,
When Love flies away.

But morn shall come again,
And spring restore the flowers;
And the soul in other worlds regain
The love lost in ours.

Nathaniel Morton Baskett.

THE MAGICAL RING.

A ring there was of magic power,
  That passed from maid to maid;
And whoso wore it sang so well
  That every heart was stayed.

'Twas given to a fair one once,
  Who sang the birds to sleep;
And all the day they nestled down
  With little eyes to peep.

Another sang so mournfully
  That all who heard her wept;
And all the breezes blowing there
  The tragic music kept.

And yet another one sang low,
  And she had love and praise,
And left sweet memories in their hearts
  For many, many days.

The last who wore this magic ring
  Sang like a heavenly sprite,
And when the music died away,
  She vanished from their sight.

Anna M. Weems.

THE WIND IN THE EAVES.

How the wintry wind is wailing in the eaves!
  How it weeps with sigh and moan!
  How it sinks to sob and groan,
While it grieves, while it grieves!
Are those whisperings in the eaves
  But soft threnodies of gloom,
  Liberated from the tomb,
Of a soul that ever grieves—
  Ever grieves, with sigh and moan,
  Ever weeps, with sob and groan?

Yes, it seems the sad refrain
Of a soul that sings in pain;
  And its song is moan and moan,
  And its melody a groan—
Hear it sink, and sigh, and wane,
In a mellow, mournful strain—
  How it weeps! how it weeps!
Sighing, weeping, shrill and high,
Soon it melts to lullaby;
  But its song is moan and moan,
  And its melody a groan.

To the eaves, upon the gale,
Voices come to weep and wail—
  How they sigh, and sob, and moan,
  Linger long in dole and groan,
How they weep! how they weep!
With a sorrow sad and deep!
  'Tis like a threnody of gloom,
  Welling from an anguished tomb;
Shrill they wail, and wail, and wail,
  Soft they mourn, and mourn, and mourn,
And the notes of dole and sorrow
  Seem from souls all anguish torn.

John N. Edwards, Jr.

TWO DAWNS.

Once, long ago, he kissed her on
  Eyes, mouth, and childish chin,
And with great peace he saw the dawn
  Of love, her eyes within.

Last night he watched alone, beside
  A something, stark and thin,
'Till through the casement, staring wide,
  The sodden dawn crept in.

Anne Tozier.

A NEW YEAR RETROSPECTION.

[January 1, 1893.]

The clock upon the mantel-piece has struck the
midnight hour,
The chime of bells rings gaily forth from
yonder steepled tower,
The air is vibrant from their throats, alone I
sit and muse,
Why is it with Time's frosting touch the hopes
of youth we lose?

Do hearts grow old with passing years? Alas!
it must be so;
The heart of youth would ill become a head so
touched with snow.
Who plays Life's game with Father Time,
plays e'er with loaded dice,
For youth and its impassioned joys come ne'er
to mortals twice.

Perhaps 'tis better as it is, that to man's long-
ing eyes
Comes only on this earth of ours one glimpse of
Paradise;
It were not well with mortals here were Earth's
stern barriers riven,
And to the world-worn mariner too much of
Heaven were given;

Yet I will ask a boon to-day, O year of 'ninety-three!
Out of the favors in thy store, grant one, I pray, to me.
Within the heart of him who pleads ambition long has fled,
And all the ardent dreams of Youth are withered, cold, and dead.

He feels the frost of ripening years, his powers begin to wane,
And ne'er will hand, or tongue, or brain their cunning find again;
His spirit, broken, longs for rest, he views the setting sun;
With him, at least, he knows full well the best of life is done.

He asks you, then, O coming year, ere yet thy dawn's full flush
Has tinted hill and landscape with its golden, radiant blush,
To guard the loving ones at home, and shield them from Life's storms,
And let the ruder blasts of Earth ne'er touch their tender forms.

On Mother, Wife, and Baby dear thy richest
gifts bestow;
They 're worthy of the precious boon, O year,
I fully know.
If you must give the bitter draught, and path-
ways rough be trod,
Let him who asks thee for thy gifts bow to the
chastening rod.

Edwin Arthur Welty.

VIOLET.

When Morning stole across the distant plain
To wreathe the peeping blooms with aërial
dye,
The first and foremost of the gaudy train
That made her welcome was the azure eye
Of Violet, whose modest blushes said:
"Come bless me, Morning, in my little bed."

When Morning stoop'd to pay the want'd due,
She drop'd, from her heart, a jewel rich and
rare—
A jewel wrap'd in rays of golden hue:
And Morning said, "Fair one, this jewel
wear;
'Twill ever be your truest, best defense;
It is Modesty rob'd in Innocence."

George H. Walser.

THE HOME OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

The home of our childhood! ah, could it receive
All its children, if but for a day!
Could the hours as of old, on their fleet wings of gold,
Bring the joys they have borne far away!

The dew of the morn ne'er returns to a day
That in summer is nearing its noon;
The scent of the rain, how we long for in vain,
Through a drought in the fiery June!

But echoes of voices come back to me now,
As the perfumes dead roses have left;
The false horoscope dims the vision of hope,
But the boy-heart is not all bereft.

Mysterious whispers in solitude heard,
Or the sight of a wild woodland flower,
The clear rhythmic fall of the waterman's call,
Wake the memory of some happy hour.

Once more we are running the old round of sports,
That outran the swift sands of the day;
So vivid they seem, can it be a day-dream?
Or a vision that passes away?

Now roaming the woods for wild jessamine
wreaths,
Building houses of pine-tops and straw,
Now scouring the dell for the tree-cricket's
shell,
Now forming our squadrons for war.

The orchard, just tinted with crimson and gold,
Now invites eager rivals to seize
On the ripest fruit, often won with dispute,
From the tops of the well-laden trees.

The pond never failed to afford us delight:
There our fleet and our merchantmen lay;
There battles were won without firing a gun,
And rich argosies sunk out of play.

The old knotted oak, on the brow of the hill,
Must in loneliness shed many a tear;
Its arms are outspread, but its children are fled,
And its big heart is breaking, I fear.

With mosses and pebbles we decked its gray
roots,
Made love and kept house with the girls;
From the buttercup beds we showered their
heads,
And laughed at the tangle of curls.

Or gazed on the wind-driven clouds as they
swept
Thwart the zenith, till listless we dreamed
By the margent green and the silvery sheen
Of the river that sparkled and gleamed.

Each day brought its pleasures, each season
new joys,
Transient all but a mother's warm love,
Who affection outpoured and on us implored
Benedictions that come from above.

The home of our childhood, made sacred by
time,
And the dead now embalmed in our hearts!
I turn from its shades, from its hills and its
glades,
As a pilgrim from Mecca departs.

No need of the poet of Grasmere to sing
Of a glory that 's passed from the earth,
Forever has passed, yet its memories last,
Consecrating life's sorrow and mirth.

Vain thought, that the splendors of morning
may pierce
Through the shades of the twilight gloam,
But in visions of night the soul catches sight
Of spring-time, of boyhood, and home.

Edward A. Allen.

RAIN IN WINTER.

In the sky there is no brightness,
In the heart there is no lightness,
  For the rain, with sodden pour,
Falls with melancholy sadness,
Robbing earth of all the gladness
  Of the brighter days of yore.

Oh, there 's naught that sounds so dreary,
Naught on earth makes one so weary,
  On a cold, dull winter's day,
As the chilling rain, down-pouring,
Blowing, driving, whirling, roaring,
  From the sky so darkly gray.

In the spring the April showers
Intervene with sunlit hours,
  Then we gladly hail the rain;
But in winter, when the weather
And the spirit are chilled together,
  To the heart it drives a pain.

Scarcely pain, 'tis something lighter;
Scarcely sorrow, something brighter;
  Yet our mood is far from gay.
Droops the spirit, gloomy, dreary;
The constant pouring makes one weary,
  On a cold, dull winter's day.

Lorena Michell Webb.

THE DREAM SHIP.

Could I but stand at the dream ship's helm,
As it floats through the haunted skies,
And guide her course through the airy realm
To where my true love lies,

I would bid the angel with the wreath of rue
To toss bright dreams and fair
O'er my gallant knight, so brave and true,
Peacefully slumbering there.

O angel with the wreath of rue,
In your ghostly ship you stand,
Wafting dreams through the ether blue
In every clime, on every land.

Then sail away in your dream ship bright,
Through the mystic, midnight skies;
Bring him I love sweet dreams to-night
Of his maid with the dreamy eyes.

Alice D. Read.

BY THE RIVER, ONCE AND AGAIN.

[As two little boys were playing in the river, one was carried out by the current and drowned. The gloom of the evening of the tragedy was deepened by the fruitlessness of all attempts to find the body: it will rest somewhere in our great river "till the sea shall give up its dead." Years after, his companion, grown to manhood, chanced to come back to the spot (near Lexington, Missouri), after many wanderings. The scene came before his mind again, and his changed view of it is expressed in the lines below.]

O river, deep and turbid river,
Your dark waves rolling restless, resting never,
I stood beside you long, long years ago,
And wept and chided you in childish woe.

Two happy-hearted boys, I and my friend,
Played on your banks or swam around "the bend,"
Until you took him from me one sad day,
And all life's sunshine seemed to fade away.

You dallied, river, gently with his hair,
You heeded not his cry nor piteous prayer,
You closed above his reaching, helpless hands,
And hid him from me in your shifting sands.

But since then, river, years and years are gone;
And all too well this false world I have known;
The hopes and dreams that he and I had then
Came never true, nor can return again.

Oh changing life! mysterious is the wave
That sweeps youth's visions from before
Hope's grave!
O heart that beat in purity and trust,
The false embittered and turned you to dust.

So, river, standing on your banks to-day,
I chide you not for taking him away;
But would that in his little hands,
Clasped and at rest I were, beneath your sands.

George Wilson.

TO A PESSIMIST.

Concerning heretics you make
An argument too bare;
They were suspended from a stake,
Now only from a chair.

Dissenters from the standards then
The pious churchmen roasted;
To-day by milder-mannered men,
You know, they 're only toasted.

If then an age of stern Belief
Did such like deeds beget,
The age of Doubt, despite your grief,
May make us Christians yet.

Edward A. Allen.

GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN'S SILVER WEDDING.

Oh, pulsing memories, rich with years,
And freighted with the fruit and bloom
Of garnered hopes and joys and tears,
With blushing bride and happy groom,
Come back across the flowery way!
Stand forth amid the brilliant throng,
And sweetly, like repeated song,
Renew the vows you 've kept so long,
On this your silver wedding day.

'Neath smiling moons and happy stars,
As wandering in the twilight gold,
You watched the floating silver bars
Of cloudlets in the days of old;
And lingering 'neath their hallowed ray,
One sought the hand so soft and fair,
And vows were spoke and plighted there
That now come back, like answered prayer,
On this your silver wedding day.

Amid the hushed, admiring throng,
You vowed in manly truth and pride,
Back in the days now gone so long,
To love and cherish your fair bride,
And, led by Love's celestial sway,

Hath kept thy honored vow and truth;
And thy fair bride of early youth
Still cheers, with loving trust and truth,
Thy joyous silver wedding day.

Love, hallowed by the flight of years,
Hath shed its fragrance and its cheer;
Like roses kissed by dewy tears,
Your cares have even drawn you near,
And other lives have blessed your way.
Where were not, now there stand forth four,
And love, like fabled fairy store,
Divided is not less, but more,
On this your silver wedding day.

May sweet companionship and joys
Be thine without earth's sad alloys,
And fame time brightens, not destroys,
Upon thy golden wedding day.
And 'cross the span of ether blue,
Beyond the starry realms of time,
Housed with the nobly good and true,
In temple built by Love sublime,
Renew home's circle far away,
Where peace and joy their banners wave,
And heaven restores what time once gave
To peopled worlds beyond the grave—
Dream of earth's silver wedding day.

George W. Warder.

THE VANISHING ONE.

I hold her image in my heart
  As memory holds a rhyme.
She is of Life just such a part
  As of a bell it's chime.
She seems the vast Eternity
  To which I tend, like Time.

She is the embodied Perfectness
  To which th' Imperfect yearns.
She is the hopeless Hopefulness
  On which all being turns;
The ashes unto which Life's fire,
  Glad of extinction, burns.

Her pathway sun-like to the west
  I follow to the east.
Upon her smile throughout the quest,
  Poor Barmecide, I feast.
The nearer I approach to her,
  Her distance is increased.

She is within me, and without
  She beckons to pursue.
Now she 's Belief and now she 's Doubt;
  Near, false; at distance, true!
Death will bring her to my arms,
  And shall I find she 's—You?

William Marion Reedy.

SWEETHEART OF THE LONG AGO.

Sweetheart of the long ago,
Little girl I used to know,
How I long again to be
Charmed with thy simplicity.

You and I have older grown,
Dreams have vanished, hopes have flown,
Times and customs grown apace
Place us with the commonplace.

And the dreams that I dreamed then
Have been dreamed by other men;
We 've but shared the common lot,
Dreamed our dreams and then forgot.

Every heart has some romance
That gives way to circumstance;
Every soul has known the pain
Of a vision seen in vain.

Yet again I long to be
Charmed with thy simplicity,
Little girl I used to know,
Sweetheart of the long ago.

William R. Hereford.

IN ANSWER.

I 'm dreaming to-night of realms ideal;
I 'm thinking of what I would be.
Sweet musings that bear me away from the real
Come down from above to me.

A beautiful longing, yet undefined,
To dwell in a higher sphere;
Where harmony, love, and peace combined
Soothe back each rising tear.

Then gently there steals a healing balm
Into this yearning heart;
It comes unasked with a quieting calm
Of which earth can have no part.

And I know that God, in that tender love
Which marks e'en the sparrow's fall,
Has lent His presence sweet from above
To my soul's unconscious call.

Grace Hewitt Sharp.

TO A DEAF LADY.

She lives amid the silence,
  Her spirit vexed by no gross sound;
Her thoughts are shining purities
  And unseen angels hovering round
  Speak to her sense that words would wound.
And in her sky-pure eyes one sees
The calmness of her soul so white.
  Does she not hear, in the stillness drowned,
The calling of my heart to-night?

The breakers of the ether-seas
  That on the islèd-planets pound;
The soft wind sighing in the trees,
  The fall of ripe fruit on the ground
  Of that fair garden still unfound,
The garden of Hesperides—
All these she hears, as blind feel light.
  O, does she hear, my love quiet-crowned,
The calling of my heart to-night?

The murmur of the vanished bees
  That swarmed above Hymettus' mound,
The long-stilled mystic cadences
  Of Sirens in their blown hair gowned,
  The strains of Orpheus' lyre renowned,

The sigh that was Eurydice's—
Her soul hears these in its high flight,
But hears she not, like a wailing hound,
The calling of my heart to-night?

L'Envoi.

Lady, the gods on me have frowned
And turned to gloom all things once bright,
If thou hear'st not, in thy silence bound,
The calling of my heart to-night.

William Marion Reedy.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

Death, the ebon-crowned, had claimed her;
White she lay, his marble bride;
White the wedding-shroud about her,
White wan faces at her side.

Death had kissed the lips of ruby
That my own had fondly pressed—
Ebon hands among the tresses,
Golden tresses oft caressed.

Death, the robber, stole the splendor
From her jewelled, joyous eyes,
And my soul, that won and lost her,
Soars and seeks her in the skies.

John N. Edwards, Jr.

ANE DRAP O' RAIN.

Ane braw day in April
I walkit frae the toun,
An' as I jeed to burnie path
A wee drap tilted doon.

"Cluds are fixed for rainin',"
Sae spak a winsome lad;
An' wi' a bonny blinkin' ee,
He happed me in his plaid.

In shoon sax fit standin',
I 'd no seen sic a lad—
I thocht it saftly to mysel'
Whiles wearin' o' his plaid.

Ane drap might be hunner,*
An' a' on me might rin;
Whiles in his plaid I 'll tent† it nae,
Tho' blasts should blow me blin'.

Noo that laddie lo'es me,
My heart it is fu' fain,
An' for it a' I thankfu' am
To that ane drap o' rain.

M. W. Prewitt-Doneghy.

*Hundred.
†Take heed.

THERE 'S A TIME.

There 's a time when trials beset us,
  When life is o'ershadowed by woe,
When the loved ones of yore forget us,
  And the dark, dreary days come and go;
When all of life that could cheer us
  Has flitted away like the dawn,
And the friends that were once so near us—
  Alas! like the seasons have gone.

Even youth, the fickle gazelle,
  Has skipped to the woodlands, to play;
As he bounds o'er the flowery dell,
  Careless and happy and gay,
We are left alone in our sorrow,
  Still treading life's rocky pathway,
Dreading the dawn of the morrow,
  And the cares of another day.

Toilworn, weary, forsaken,
  Trembling with age, and weak,
The years that are gone have taken
  The rose from the faded cheek.
The eye with its luster and brightness
  Is dimmed and fading away,
The step has lost all its lightness,
  And the hair is a somber gray.

Yes, down life's tide we 're drifting,
While the tempest is raging high,
And the wave our bark is lifting,
Up to the starry sky.
From the breast of the swollen stream,
We gaze to the throne above.
Oh joy at last! for a sudden gleam
Reveals that Face of Love.

Willene Marie Sphar.

WORDSWORTH.

His tuneful touch made hills the silence break,
Proclaiming loud a sounding melody;
All Nature—every bird and bloom and tree
Bade him their deepest buried secrets take;
And he in flowing, glowing diction spake
Of all their beauty and their liberty.
He burst the bonds of Nature; she was free—
The slumberer of centuries was awake.

He sings of summer sunbeam's glowing gleam,
Of running brook, of prancing, dancing flower,
Of waterfall and silent, gliding stream—
He is inspired with God's uplifting power.
Sweet Nature to his aid he loves to bring,
And of her simple beauty ever sing.

Van Cleave W. Schweich.

TIME AND I.

Time and I were comrades gay;
Long we frolicked on the way,
While he veiled his hoary mein,
While he hid his sickle keen.

And I never saw his face,
But I dreamed he wore youth's grace!
For his hand lay warm in mine,
Radiance from him seemed to shine!

But there came a day serene,
All the earth was gold and green,
Time grew wroth—I know not why—
Snipped the blooms, as we passed by!

Afterwards, his sickle-glare
Flashed before me, everywhere!
Every seed of hope I 've sowed,
In its bloom, Time's scythe hath mowed!

Still, he keeps his hand in mine,
Drags me on, through shade and shine.
Time! You need not think I care,
Though you clip life's foot-paths bare!

For there cometh soon a day
You must fling that scythe away!
Ay, the Patmos- angel swore,
"*Time, itself, shall be no more!*"

Lillian Kelley.

COACHING.

The musical trumpet's blast,
The sound of laughter gay;
Then word to start is passed,
And the tally-ho rolls away.

Out of the city's street,
Far from the noisy throng,
Into the country sweet,
It rambles gaily along.

Over the cool, green hills,
And down through the wooded dales;
Fragrant with daffodils,
And vocal with calling quails.

Happy each youthful face,
Merry the mirthful wits;
And lo! in the footman's place,
Trumpeter Cupid sits.

Arthur Grissom.

AIR CASTLES.

I 've built me a castle so wondrously high
That clouds cap its summit against the blue sky,
And those whom I love are all moving there
To the music that happiness sheds on the air.
Bright garlands are wreathed of the fairest of flowers,
And sweetest of music beguiles the glad hours.

The faces I love are all radiant with joy,
And each heart as light as a child's with its toy;
No thorns 'mid the flowers, no serpents there coil,
No anguish, no pain, no care, and no toil.
Oh, beautiful vision! how long wilt thou last?
Thou art fading e'en now—and fading so fast!

Is there naught that can save thee, O beautiful dream,
From the merciless wave of Time's rapid stream?
Of the earth was it born, like the earth must it fade;
In heaven alone may our treasures be laid:
There our treasures endure forever and aye,
For Time can not change them nor Death take away.

Mary U. Thistle.

ODE TO THE NIGHT.

Fair, beauteous night! we hail thy kind approach
With heart-felt joy, and longingly await
Thy gentle presence, with an anxious heart,
As timid maiden 'waits her lover's touch.
Thou stealest like a shadow over earth,
Bringing refreshing dew to glad the flowers,
And rest to weary man. Thy silent shades
Fall gratefully upon the weary world—
A benediction, bringing sweet repose.
How often man would tax his tired hands
Beyond their wonted strength and energy,
Did not thy welcome shadows gently fall,
Closing the labors of the toilsome day—
Breaking the dull monotony of care
Which fills some heart in every passing hour!
There is a grandeur in thy silent shades
When full-orbed moon beams in a cloudless sky,
And stars, thy burning sentinels, gleam bright
With matchless beauty, through the quiet hours.
O silent, restful night, we wait for thee,
And hail thy coming with a joyous heart!
Thy presence like a hallowed influence comes,
And all the cares of life glide noiselessly
Into the dream-land of forgetfulness.

We drift so smoothly on Lethean waves,
Half-conscious, we exist in blissful rest
Upon Elysian shores until the dawn.
Thou comest to the poor and rich alike,
And e'en the beggar, wandering in the street,
Oft dreams himself a king, and this broad land
His realm, the moon his royal coronet,
And stars the jewels of his princely realm.
The rich man, burdened with his hoarded wealth,
At thine approach will cast all care aside,
And close his weary eyes, hoping to find
The rest he covets, and the sweet repose
Beneath the shadow of thy somber wing.

Elizabeth U. McKinney.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

She 's only an "old-fashioned girl," she says,
(Is it not enough to disgrace?)
An "old-fashioned girl" with womanly ways,
And a winsome and womanly face;
A girl who is innocent, modest, and sweet,
Who is sensible, earnest, and true—
The kind that will surely be obsolete
In another short year or two.

She isn't ambitious for questionable fame,
She doesn't ape man in her dress,
She doesn't read books that have a bad name,
Nor herald her "views" in the press;
She doesn't use slang, nor smoke cigarettes,
Nor loudly expound "Woman's Rights,"
She shuns all the fads of the "fashionable sets,"
And "home" is her chief of delights.

She 's only an "old-fashioned girl," you see,
And not in the least "up-to-date,"
But she is the kind of a girl for me,
And the kind that I want for a mate.
I know it is very "old-fashioned" to say
Your wife is a "saint from above,"—
But I own I am fond of her "old-fashioned" way,
And proud of her "old-fashioned" love!

Arthur Grissom.

LITTLE GIRL.

Her dear little doll lies sleeping so sweet
  Where our darling last put her to bed,
And the dear little doll never heeds to our grief
  That its own little mother is dead.

The dear little chair, where our darling once sat,
  Still stands in her own little room,
And the little chair knows not the cause of our grief,
  Knows not that we 're shrouded in gloom.

The little play-house, where her sweet laugh rang out
  When she gave a "tea party" or "ball,"
Stands just as she left it, arranged for the night.
  Ah! we dreamed not that night would soon fall.

The play-house, the doll, and the little "bye" chair,
  And the room where our darling once slept.
Now serve to remind us how near to our hearts
  The dear little angel had crept.

John Meyers Paxson.

THE LEGEND OF ZUNI.

[A party of topographical engineers, while making a survey of the Pacific coast, came into the valley of the Zuñi just after a terrific storm had swept over the fair land. In order to appease the storm and to save the people from another deluge, the Caçique, in spite of the entreaties of the engineering party, ordered the most beautiful maiden of the tribe to be offered as a sacrifice. The incident suggested the following lines.]

The distant thunders roll'd afar;
  The fearful lightnings fill'd the sky,
Hiding the face of every star
  'Mid rushing tumults drawing nigh.
A night of gloom came o'er the dale
  In which the tribe of Zuñi dwelt,
A stream dash'd wildly thro' the vale
  As the affrighted peons knelt,

With upraised hands, in prayer begun,
  How sadly, solemnly it rose
To Montezuma and the sun!
  The only God the Zuñi knows.
What consternation fill'd their minds
  As toward the Mesa now they fled,
Leaving their dying ones behind
  To perish in their watery bed.

The ruin'd tower, the dismal place—
  Once beautiful, tradition said;
The home of the disbanded race,
  The valley of the Zuñi dead.
Time passed, with his moving tread,
  When o'er the Mesa they had rear'd
A city; but the torrent dread,
  With swelling waves, need not be fear'd.

It was in autumn's sunset hour,
  When the Pacific breezes stirr'd,
That o'er the great Zuñian tower
  A gentle maiden's prayer was heard
In supplications, sadly low,
  Where before images she lay
Her overburden'd weight of woe,
  The Caçique's orders to obey.

Who, to appease the troubled water,
  That the flood come not again,
Offered Zuñi's fairest daughter,
  A child, to sacrificial reign;
While she, to her ill-fated doom,
  Dar'd not resist her ruler's will;
But calmly, in her girlish bloom,
  Brought flowers to the altar still.

Where she knelt, but not alone,
Another came; of manly face,
With features fair and full of grace,
And bowed, too, at the imaged throne,
His form, of a set, sturdy cast,
Though born not of a warlike band,
Who roam beyond the desert vast,
Carrying fear throughout the land.

The moon grew pale with softer beam,
And fell o'er valley and o'er stream
Where knelt Wahoora and Waheen,
Surrounded by the chiefs in power.
And where the swelling waters lave,
They both were sadly, strangely bound.
Lo! plunged beneath the dark, deep wave,
Their struggling forms sank deeply down.

Theresa J. Freeman.

EUGENE FIELD.

The sweetest Western singer sleeps,
  Stilled by Death's lullaby.
O'er Babyland a sorrow sweeps—
  A gloom across the sky.
He did not seek the starry steeps
  And windy heights of song,
But strolled and sang where Baby creeps
  His toys and dreams among.

He coined in rhyme the age of gold,
  Translated toddlers' tears
To music, making hearts grown cold
  Warm back to happy years.
His heart was full as heart could hold
  Of Love's own gentleness.
He taught sour Age to soothe, not scold;
  He carolled Christ's caress.

The Laureate of the Little Ones,
  The lark of Childhood's dawn,
The King of Quips, the Prince of Puns,
  Youth's Owlglass, thou 'rt not gone!
E'er yet thy frolic fancy runs,
  With fairies frisks its fill.
In days to be, 'neath senile suns,
  Thy soul goes singing still.

William Marion Reedy.

SECOND LIFE.

If I should die, dear love, and dwell apart
From you, who deem me fairest in your sight,
Let not my absence grieve your lonely heart,
Or put your happiness to sudden flight.

For if sometimes you long to feel me near,
To hear in words of love again my voice,
Go forth and breathe the peace in nature, dear,
And listen to her teachings, and rejoice.

For I shall be with you on every side,
You 'll recognize me in a thousand ways;
And all my beauty, that was once your pride,
Will still be yours, as in the old sweet days.

The yellow of my hair will live again,
Within the tassel of the ripening corn,
Or in the buttercup that stars the plain
And welcomes with the lark the coming morn.

The color that was wont to grace my eyes
Will meet you in the violet's tender blue,
Or in the harebell, that 'neath summer skies
Flecks the clear landscape with its azure hue.

And if the ruby of my lips you miss,
Go kneel among the poppies' scarlet bed;
And there, forgetting all sad hours, kiss
In tenderness their leaves so darkly red.

The restless brook will murmur oft my name,
The wind will sigh my wishes overhead
Among the whisp'ring trees, that nod the same
As when of yore our days in love were wed.

Thus will I love you through all coming days,
And I will live for you through countless years;
I 'll speak to you in summer's Junes and Mays,
The dewdrops on the grass my answering tears.

For naught is lost; the beauty once my dower,
The colors that of old did light my face,
Shall live again in blooming plant and flower,
That borrow from my dust their hue and grace.

Minnie McIntyre.

WHITE CLOUDS.

Like clusters of lilies floating
  O'er the depths of the April sky,
The masses of soft, white vapors
  In twilight drift slowly by.

They catch the gleam of the sunset
  As they pass o'er the glowing bar
That stretches along the horizon
  Just under the evening star.

And swiftly their pearly whiteness
  Dies away in a fiery red,
And the earth beneath grows lurid
  By the crimson glow that they shed.

Till broken and massed together
  They lie, distorted and black,
Gaunt wrecks of the day-time's glory
  Strewn over the sunset's track.

So lives, once lovely and stainless,
  Have drifted into the flame
Of passion and power, till ruined
  And darkened with crime they became,

The whiteness of honor crimsoned
By the shame of their fatal course,
And the blaze of an untrue glory
Blackened by fierce remorse!

Adela Stevens-Cody.

LIFE.

"Life is beautiful, life is dear!"
The maiden said in the spring of the year
When the hawthorn blooms and the plum-tree 's white,
And the heart, with hope, beats warm and light.

"Life is a burden, life is gloom!"
The woman thought in her lonely room;
Nor love, nor rest had cheered her way,
But sacrifice had marked each day.

But the maid saw clouds pass over the sun,
And love found the woman ere life was done.
For sorrow and joy must strive forever;
No heart holds all. for they blend together.

Grace Hewitt Sharp.

THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

[Dedicated to the Bench and Bar.]

There stood in Eden once, as legends tell,
A regal temple, bathed in heaven's own light;
But when our happy parents sinned and fell,
That temple felt the avenging curse and blight,
And would have sunk in deep and endless night,
But God in mercy had its fragments thrown
O'er all the earth; and now they greet our sight
Where 'er we go, in every clime and zone!
Each fragment of that temple is a precious stone.

In after-ages, on Moriah's brow,
King Solomon a wondrous temple raised,
Built as was shown upon the mount; and now
We do not marvel that the nations gazed
Entranced, or that the Queen of Sheba praised
The master architect; for ne'er before
Had earth's admiring millions stood amazed
In view of such a structure; never more,
Perhaps, will such a temple greet us on Time's shore.

But we are workmen on a temple, too,
A glorious temple, shielding human rights;
And if we labor as good men and true,
Our consciences will bring us such delights
As duty, faithfully performed, invites.
Then bring for this grand temple precious things—
Sapphires and rubies, emeralds, chrysolites:
We do not build on vain imaginings;
We trace the streams of truth to their celestial springs.

Through coming ages will our temple stand,
The grandest product of man's mind and heart;
Its dome and spire point to the better land,
Its walls and towers attest the builder's art.
I only ask to bear an humble part
In fashioning the work—to have my name
Inscribed upon its walls ere I depart;
I ask but this, and make no other claim
To that which heroes bleed for, and the world calls Fame.

George W. Dunn.

FAITH'S TRIUMPH.

A little miss, a beam of bliss,
With face as sweet as a fairy's kiss,
With joyous cry, with spirits high,
One morn in June, went tripping by.
Her golden hair, like sunlight fair,
Shone lustrous through the morning air;
Her deep blue eyes were summer skies,
In whose clear depths no clouds arise.
Her step was light, her smile was bright,
Her image charmed my ravished sight;
"The world is fair," I said, "the air
Is laden with God's love and care;
An angel's hand has touched the land
And painted beauties rich and grand;
Both bird and bee, in bush and tree,
Are chanting heaven's own minstrelsy."
That morn in June passed all too soon,
Like notes from some entrancing tune.
I stood alone; the maid was gone,
And with her form the spell had flown.

In sun and rain I watched in vain,
A glimpse of her again to gain;
I asked her name unknown to fame;
My fond hopes died; she never came;
Then I forbore; my heart was sore.
Would this sweet vision come no more?

One winter's morn, with hopes forlorn,
I saw a form before me borne.
With soft, slow pace, and solemn face,
They bore it to its burial-place.
I saw the bier and dropped a tear
For this fair maid who was so dear.
Life's shattered bowl! Death's final goal!
A shadow fell upon my soul.
"The world is dark," I said, "no spark
Of light to guide life's fragile bark.
Man's certain doom is death and gloom.
Is there no hope beyond the tomb?
Oh, why these tears, these doubts and fears?
Why dread the fate of coming years?
Day follows night. Hope's star is bright.
Faith rends the clouds and heaven 's in sight."

George W. Coffman.

PSALM 133.

As softly down from Hermon flows
  The dew on Zion's lovely hills,
New life imparts to Sharon's rose,
  And all the land with gladness fills—

As down from Aaron's sacred head
  And o'er his beard and priestly gown
The oil in soft effusion fled,
  And filled the air with fragrance 'round—

So blest, so sweet the joy divine,
  When brethren here in union dwell,
In acts of love their beauties shine,
  And softest words their feelings tell.

More lasting far than Hermon's dews—
  More sweet than Sharon's fairest rose—
More rich than odors, oils diffuse,
  The joys that Christian love bestows.

Oh, thus may we in union love,
  And drink its richest pleasures in,
Till borne on angels' wings above,
  Triumphant there with Christ to reign.

H. M. Sydenstricker.

SONNET ON RECEIVING A ROSEBUD.

It comes to me with words so soft and sweet
From hands of her to whom my thoughts oft stray,
And linger, fondly linger, there to meet
The happy smiles that on her count'nance play.
I look upon this bud, it gives a smile,
And kiss its opening petals as I could
The one who gave it me, and it the while
Is blushing sweet and deeply; so she would.

It speaks to me a language all its own—
It is enough,—I love its whispered voice,
For sure it is affection's cherished tone;
It moves my soul and makes my heart rejoice.
I would requite the gift, but well I know
My heart she has. What more can I bestow?

John William Ellis.

WHAT BRINGS THE YEAR?

The birth of a new year hailing,
With feasting, dancing, and song,
Will the music turn into wailing
Ere the glad new year is gone?

Thou comest with joy and singing,
With a step as light as the air,—
What to our hearts art thou bringing?
Oh, young year so laughing and fair.

Is it love, bright fortune, and glory,
And pathway strewn with flowers?
Or is it a tragical story
To finish this life of ours?

Oh, what are thy fair wings bearing,
That gleam in the frosty glow?
What fate for our hearts preparing?
How well we should like to know.

Art thou bringing for us a blessing,
Balm for our grief and fear;
What goal is thy treasury possessing?
What bringest thou, O Year?

Adelaide E. Vroom.

A PRAYER FOR CHARITY.

Open our eyes, O Lord! We do not see
The languid step, the sunken cheek that cries
For food that satisfies, the silent plea
For sympathy. O Lord, open our eyes!

Open our ears, O Lord! We do not hear
The stifled sigh, foreboding sobs and tears
Of childhood orphaned by strong drink, the fear
That haunts in sleep. O Lord, open our ears!

Open our hands, O Lord! We close them tight
In greed of selfish gain of houses, lands,
Against the widows' call for help, the right
Of the oppresed. O Lord, open our hands!

Open our minds, O Lord! We do not read
The thoughts of God aright; the truth that binds
Us back to Thee we miss, lost in a creed
That men devise. O Lord, open our minds!

Open our hearts, O Lord! We do not feel
For others' woes; the priest within us parts
Us from the fallen on life's way—reveal
Again thy Christ! O Lord open our hearts!

Edward A. Allen.

REFLECTION.

A lily on the river brink
Bent down her stately head to drink,
  When lo! her loveliness was mirrored there!
A happy, innocent surprise
Looked back from her own shining eyes,
  And yet she knew not her own image fair.

A moon swung o'er a rippling sea,
In a web of gems all silvery
  That kindled down the mazy Milky Way!
The sun leaned out of the west to see,
But he never guessed—oh no, not he—
  Whose flame-heat in that silver glory lay!

A maiden by life's river stood—
She found its waters fair and good!
  And sweet with flowers of innocence and truth.
It was her pure soul imaged there
That grew those perfumed blossoms rare—
  The blossoms of her joyous, guileless youth.

Lillian Kelley.

THE OLD HAT.

It is old and worn and faded,
There is dust on brim and crown;
For the eyes beneath it shaded
Lips of Death are kissing down!
On the wall I see it swinging
In the old, accustomed place;
Through my soul's recesses bringing
Visions of his vanished face!

Yes, 'tis old and worn and battered,
Like the one it served so well;
And, though rent and rudely tattered,
What a tale it seems to tell!
As it hangs here mute before me,
Voices down the aisle of years
Surge and throng, resistless, o'er me,
Till mine eyes grow dim with tears!

Seared his brow with age, and hoary
Were his locks of frosted hair;
Ah! they told the old, old story—
Time had left his traces there!
As a sturdy oak, storm-riven,
Bends before the Borean blast;
As a shattered hulk, wave-driven,
Wrecks upon the shore at last;

So the years on solemn surges
Bore him to that clime away,
Where the dawn in darkness merges,
Where the shadows hover gray;
Where so many dreams have drifted,
Where so many hopes have flown;
Where the pall, by Death uplifted,
Floats across the water's moan!

Ah! the night's gray pinions quiver
Now across his lonely grave,
And the grasses bend and shiver
As a wind-lull'd ocean wave.
Weary hands, in peace reposing,
Folded o'er a quiet breast;
Shrouded eyes, no light disclosing—
Tired heart has found its rest!

And a far, dim star-beam lingers
Where the twilight glories fall:
And the fairy moonbeam's fingers
Touch his old hat on the wall;
There it hangs with mute appealing
In the old, accustomed place,
And across the night wind stealing
Comes again his vanished face!

J. Allen McDonald.

NATURE'S LOVERS.

The hunter loves the shadowy forest drear,
Where wily fox and watchful turkey hide;
The limpid, bubbling spring, where timid deer
Drink cooling draughts, and then near by abide;
With cautious step he threads the silent wood,
'Tis here he freely finds his daily food.

The sturdy farmer ploughs the fallow field,
And, trustful, sows the tiny, pregnant grain;
Then sunshine, soil, and shower rich beauties yield,
Unconscious all of labor's art or pain;
The conquered earth to her rude conqueror gives
Reward full large and free,—and thus he lives.

The tourist seeks the perfume-breathing mead,
The cloud-kissed hills that give a prospect wide,
The rustic lanes where browsing cattle feed,
And birds in chorus sing on every side;
Forgot is all the hum of busy mart,
Where joys of boyhood days delight the heart.

The artist, weary of his classic toil,
And longing for some bright, refreshing scene,
Leaves far behind the dingy town's turmoil,
And studies Nature's ever-restful green;
Her beauties unadorned his thoughts control,
And landscape visions cheer the æsthetic soul.

The poet, high-born seer, with instincts fine,
And holier sight than use or art e'er knew,
Discerns those nobler beauties, gifts divine,
That teach mankind to love the good, the true;
With skylark notes his lyric genius sings,
And soars to heavenly heights on spirit wings.

S. A. Lynch.

IM GRUENEN WALD.

Im grünen Wald, da weil' ich gerne;
So still, so heilig ist es da;
Ist auch das Liebste noch so ferne,
Die Seele ist ihm doch so nah'.

Im grünen Wald fühlt man recht innig,
Wie leicht das Herz sich selbst genügt,
Wie drauszen man so widersinnig
Mit eitlem Streben sich betrügt.

Im grünen Wald möcht' ich genesen
Von all' dem Treiben dieser Welt,
Da, wo noch nie ein Mensch gewesen,
Noch keinen Baum die Axt gefällt.

Im grünen Wald, da möcht' ich lauschen
Zum letzten Mal des Vogels Lied,
Wenn leis' dazu die Blätter rauschen,
Indesz das Abendroth verglüht.

Im grünen Wald, da möcht' ich sterben,
Von dichten Zweigen überdacht,
Wo noch kein Menschenwerk Verderben
Und Noth und Thränen hingebracht.

Ernst A. Zündt.

THE MYSTIC ANGEL, SLEEP.

Out of what dreamy land,
  Or league of sea or shadow,
Or lakes where lilies stand,
  Or over snows and meadow,
Cometh the tender angel, Sleep,
To those that either laugh or weep?

In all the long years fled
  Beyond the phantom river,
No saint nor seer hath said:
  "I saw his pinions quiver,
And heard across the silent night
His coming or his mystic flight."

Swift from some meadow bed
  Of poppies, white as laces,
Or from the days long dead
  Amid the vanished faces,
May be he mounts the dusky sky
Where clouds of fading scarlet lie.

But all we ever know,
  When once his spell hath bound us,
And sleeping soft and low,
  The world is lost around us,
Comes in the rosy tide of dreams
As sweet as lilies over streams.

For, when the morning gates
  Swing back in silver glory,
This angel never waits
  To hear our drowsy story,
Whether the morrow comes again
In splendid rapture or in pain.

Enough to us that he
  From poppy bed or meadow,
Or from some league of sea,
  Hath brought through dusk and shadow
That sweetest gift of those that weep
Or laugh—the blessed balm of sleep.

George W. Ferrel.

PANSIES.

[Lines sent with a basket of pansies to a bride.]

"There 's pansies—that 's for thoughts."
"Thoughts and remembrance fitted."
Ophelia and Laertes, in "Hamlet."

Where other gifts are rare and fine,
I bring the thought-flower to thy shrine:
Pansies, that smile with shy surprise,
And mystic-sweet, like lovers' eyes!
So from their velvet opal tints
Interpret happy bridal hints;
And find a wish, that fair as these
May be thy moments of "heart's-ease."

Cora M. Stockton.

AT THE GATE.

October 's standing near the side
  Of yonder eastern gate,
Clad like an oriental bride
  In purple state.

Within her arms she bears a sheaf
  Of russet and of gold—
Love's tribute of a faded leaf
  From forests old.

"Farewell to these September eves,"
  The golden goddess sings;
Her voice is like the whispering leaves,
  The murmuring of wings.

"Farewell! I'll lay upon these tombs
  A wreath of withered flowers;
The dead can take no note of blooms
  Or banished hours.

"They sleep, nor see the radiant rose
  Nor singing birds o'erhead—
The troubled heart hath found repose,
  And grief is dead."

Then let the golden goddess glide
Through yonder eastern gate,
Clad like some sensuous Syrian bride,
Symbolical of fate.

George W. Ferrel.

MISSOURI.

Know you the land where the "Big Muddy" flows,
The land where the sun in his full splendor glows;
Where Spring cometh early and scattereth her flowers,
And Summer stays idling through long golden hours;
Where Autumn pours out her full wealth o'er the land,
And Winter grows mild as he gives you his hand?
'Tis the State of Missouri. An empire she stands,
Like a gem in the midst of that crown of all lands;
Like a tower of strength with its battlements sound,
She stands midst the States that encircle her round;

Like a goddess she moves midst her sisters so
fair,
And in beauty and strength few with her can
compare.

We love our great land, that Republic of States,
Whose triumphs the whole world with wonder
awaits.
She is teaching the nations the lesson of peace,
That nations by friendship their glory increase,
That all men are brothers, and each has a part
In the wealth that abounds through perfection
of art.
Oh, grand is our country and strong is each
State,
Each one is an empire with destiny great;
But first midst those empires Missouri will
stand,
And still will her honor and glory expand.

Her race just begun, oh, who can foresee
The strides she will make in the years that
shall be?
Her resources scarce touched the long years
will unfold,
And then will her power and wealth be untold.
On the flag as it floats o'er the land or the sea,
Midst the stars that shine there, not a brighter
will be

Than that of Missouri, who stands in her place,
And with confidence turns to the future her face;
And the circle of States, as they watch her move on
With her head in the day, like a mountain at dawn,
Her motto will catch, and respond to her call,—
"United we stand, divided we fall."

M. L. Hoffman.

APPENDIX.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

MISS SUSAN ALEXANDER was born at Pioche, Nevada, in 1876, and came with her parents to Missouri in 1883. She is, at present, a student at the University of Missouri. Her verses have appeared in *The Argus* and other University publications.

EDWARD ARCHIBALD ALLEN was born in Virginia, and educated at Doctor Gessner Harrison's Classical School and University of Virginia. He was professor of English and modern languages in Central College, Fayette, Missouri, from 1881 to 1885. Since 1885 he has been professor of English language and literature in the University of Missouri.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN, "*Sangamon*," was born in St. Louis, Missouri, 1854; graduated at Washington University, 1878; and prepared for the ministry at Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. Since 1889 he has had charge of the South Park Presbyterian Church at Newark, New Jersey. Doctor Allen's verses have from time to time been published in *The Independent*, and other periodicals. In December, 1895, he won the $1,000 prize

offered by the New York *Herald* for the best epic poem based upon some episode in American history. The subject of the poem, which has been published in book form, is *Abraham Lincoln; The Star of Sangamon.* Doctor Allen still claims to be a Missourian; in a recent letter he says, "I hold in high esteem and love my native State and birthplace, St. Louis, and my alma mater, Washington University."

MISS JESSIE ANDIS was born in Atchison County, Missouri, August 12, 1878. She graduated at the High School, Tarkio, Missouri, 1896.

CLARENCE ELLSWORTH ARBUCKLE was born in Hendricks County, Indiana, September 25, 1871. When six years of age, he went with his parents to Wichita, Kansas; and a few years later removed to Aix, Webster County, Missouri, where he is now living.

JOHN JAY BAILEY was born in New York City, September 15, 1833; and married, April 15, 1858, Miss Mary Frances, daughter of Ex-Governor Thomas Ford, of Illinois. He was librarian of the Public School Library, St. Louis, 1865-1877; and actuary of the Mercantile Library, St. Louis, 1889-1891. Since that time, he has been engaged in commercial business in St. Louis. Besides his numerous short pieces in verse, he wrote a long one entitled *Art*, which was read before the St. Louis Art Society, October 30, 1874, and was afterwards printed in book form.

WILLIAM CLARK BARNARD was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, June 30, 1870. When a child he was taken by his parents to Oregon, where he spent the greater part of his boyhood. Later he came to Missouri; received his literary education at the Neosho

High School; and graduated from the Marion Sims College of Medicine, 1897.

NATHANIEL MORTON BASKETT was born in St. Louis, Missouri, April 5, 1853; and received the greater part of his literary education in the St. Louis Public Schools. He graduated at the Missouri Medical College, St. Louis, 1876. He was coroner of Randolph County, Missouri, 1880-1884; editor of St. Louis *Medical Advance*, 1889-1890; and State Senator from the Ninth Missouri District, 1892-1896. Doctor Baskett published a volume of verse, *Visions of Fancy*, 1884.

MISS HATTIE E. BATTSON was born near Troy, Missouri, 1865. She received her preparatory education at Edward's High School, Troy; graduated at St. Charles College, St. Charles, Missouri, 1894; and taught English literature at St. Charles College the following year. Miss Battson is now living at Palmyra, Missouri. Her book of verse, *Dust or Diamonds*, was published in 1886.

MRS. MARY J. BENTON was born at Camillus, New York, and educated at Red Creek Seminary, New York. Since 1890 she has been residing in Kansas City, Missouri, where she has been a regular contributor to local papers. Her verses have been used by papers in Kansas, Michigan, and New York.

MARY BRYANT is a native of Virginia. She was, for several years, teacher of English literature at Central College, Lexington, Missouri. A collection of her verses in a volume entitled *Fantasma* appeared in 1879.

WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS was born in Covington, Tennessee, June 25, 1857, where, under his father's instruction, he received a classical education. He came to Missouri in 1879. After working for a

short time with the St. Louis *Daily Times* and *Evening Chronicle*, he became one of the leading editorial writers for the *Republic*, and remained with that paper until he removed East in 1893. He is now a resident of South Orange, New Jersey, where he is engaged in newspaper and literary work, but still claims Kirkwood, Missouri, as his home. His *Studies in Verse*, an occasional periodical, began to appear in St. Louis in 1892. Since then they have been published in book form at the rate of about one number a year.

WILLIAM HAMILTON CLINE was born in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, December 24, 1868. He attended the ward schools in Cleveland, Ohio; came to Kansas City, Missouri, 1880; attended the Central High School, Kansas City, until 1883. Since 1885 he has been connected with the Kansas City *Times*. Mr. Cline's verses have been widely copied by Eastern publications.

MISS ELIZABETH DRAKE COBB was born at Columbus, Missouri, January 12, 1838; and was educated at Lexington, Missouri. She was teaching at Pleasant Hill, Missouri, when she died, April 28, 1859. Just before her death, she had begun to collect her verses with the view of publishing a book.

MRS. MARY ADELA STEVENS-CODY was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, January 7, 1848, and is of Scotch-American descent. On her father's side she claims relationship to the Scotch poet, Sir David Lyndsay. Her mother was a native of Baltimore and a typical Southern woman. Her parents came to St. Louis in 1849 and removed to Normandy, Missouri, in 1857. In 1870 she graduated from the St. Louis Normal, and became a teacher in the St. Louis Public Schools. In 1876 she married Thomas F. Cody, of

Normandy. Her verses have been extensively used by local and national publications.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON COFFMAN was born near Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1859. He came to Missouri in 1876; received his preparatory education at the Hamilton (Missouri) High School; and graduated from the University of Missouri in 1884, and was awarded the McAnally medal for writing a poem entitled *Goldsmith as a Humorist.* In 1887 he graduated from the Chicago Homœopathic Medical College, representing his class as valedictorian. Doctor Coffman is at present practicing his chosen profession at Garden City, Kansas.

MRS. MARTHA W. PREWITT-DONEGHY, daughter of Robert T. Prewitt, was born at Fayette, Missouri, November 24, 1853. She was educated at Howard-Payne and Central Colleges, Fayette; and afterwards studied in New York City. She taught at Howard-Payne College; St. James Academy, Macon City; and the State Normal, Kirksville. In 1882 she was married to Alexander Doneghy, a lawyer at Kirksville. Since then she has made Kirksville her home; and from time to time her verses have appeared in various papers and magazines. She is, at present, editing *The Norns*, a journal to which only women contribute.

MRS. ANNIE A. STEVENS-DUGAN, "*May Myrtle*," was born in Scottsville, Pennsylvania, 1844. She removed to Sedalia, Missouri, 1866; and was married to George E. Dugan in 1870. Mrs. Dugan has written verse for various newspapers and magazines; and published a book of verse entitled *Myrtle Leaves;* and a booklet, *Muriel; or, Love's Sacrifice.* She has ready for the press a metaphysical story entitled *Aileda; or, The History of a Soul.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON DUNN was born near Harrodsburg, Kentucky, October 15, 1815. He was admitted to the bar in 1838; came to Missouri in 1839; was appointed circuit attorney in 1861; appointed judge of the fifth judicial circuit in 1848; elected to the same office in 1851, 1857, and 1880. Judge Dunn died at his home near Richmond, Missouri, in 1891. His book of verse, *Temple of Justice and other Poems*, was published in 1882.

JOHN N. EDWARDS, Jr., is the eldest son of Major John N. Edwards, the celebrated author, soldier, and journalist. His mother was Miss Mary Virginia Plattenburg, of Dover, Missouri. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, July 9, 1872, and educated by the Jesuits at St. Mary's College, Kansas. He has contributed verses to the Kansas City *Times*, Lexington *News*, and other papers of the State. He has been identified with St. Louis journalism for four years, and is now connected with the St. Louis *Republic*.

J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS was born near West Ely, Missouri, February 11, 1870. He graduated from Plattsburg College, Plattsburg, Missouri, 1886; and, since that time, has been teaching literature in that institution. He has written both prose and verse which have been received favorably by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and other leading papers.

JOHN WILLIAM ELLIS, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., is a native of Kentucky. He graduated at Georgetown College, Georgetown, Kentucky, class of '60; and two years later received, from the same college, his Master's degree. He removed to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1869, where he practiced law until he entered the

teachers' profession. Since 1880 he has been president of Plattsburg College, at Plattsburg, Missouri. Doctor Ellis has written much for the press, and has published three booklets of verse: *The Life Mission*, *Antigone*, and *The Song of Songs*.

GEORGE W. FERREL was born in Cooper County, Missouri, in 1855, and educated at the Boonville Academy and Kemper Military Academy, Boonville. He did reportorial and editorial work on the Boonville *Eagle* and *Advertiser;* was founder and editor of the Boonville *Topic;* was city editor of the Sedalia *Democrat*, *Bazoo*, and *Capital*, and Springfield *Leader*, editor of the Pleasant Hill *Review*, and Black Hills correspondent of the Chicago *Mines* and Omaha *Herald;* was associated with Eugene Field as literary editor of the Kansas City *Times*, and was, for a short time, connected with the Kansas City *World*. Mr. Ferrel read the annual poem before the Missouri Press Association at three meetings. He is now associate editor of the Sedalia *Sentinel*.

EUGENE FIELD was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2, 1850. When seven years old he was taken to Amherst, Massachusetts, where he remained for thirteen years under the charge of his foster-mother, Miss Mary Field French. He attended Williams College, 1868; Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, 1869; and the University of Missouri, 1871. In 1872 he visited Europe; and on his return became reporter for the St. Louis *Journal*. He married Miss Julia Comstock, of St. Joseph, Missouri, October 6, 1873. In 1875-6 he was city editor of the St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette;* later editorial writer on the St. Louis *Journal*. In 1880, he was on the staff of the Kansas City *Times*,

but left that paper in 1881 to become managing editor of the Denver *Tribune*. August 13, 1883, he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Morning News* (now the *Record*), and remained in connection with that paper until his death, November 4, 1895. His celebrated poem, *Christmas Treasures*, was written when he was connected with the St. Louis *Journal;* and *The Little Peach*, when he was with the Kansas City *Times*.

MRS. THERESA J. ELDRIDGE FREEMAN was born and educated at Paris, Kentucky; married at the age of seventeen to Mr. William Freeman, a lawyer; removed to Louisiana, where she remained until the death of her husband, 1857. Since that time Mrs. Freeman has lived in St. Louis, Missouri. Her verses have been widely copied by leading papers and magazines. Several of her stories have appeared in book form. *Huntington; or, Scenes of Real Life*, 1890, is her latest production.

R. E. LEE GIBSON was born at Steelville, Missouri, January 14, 1864. He was educated in the public schools of his native town and the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. Mr. Gibson is, at present, a clerk in the Health Department, St. Louis. With him verse-writing is a pleasure and a pastime. His booklets, *Mineral Blossom*, *Sonnets*, and *Indian Legend and other Poems*, which were printed for private distribution, contain his choice verses.

JAMES F. GORE was born in Fremont County, Iowa, November 15, 1872. He has spent the greater part of his life in Atchison County, Missouri. He graduated at Tarkio College, Tarkio, Missouri, 1897. While attending school Mr. Gore took an active inter-

est in his college paper, *The Phœnix;* won several prizes in oratory and debate; and, in connection with Mr. E. B. Stevens, a fellow-student, issued a booklet of verse entitled *College Deliriums.*

WILLIAM EMORY GRIFFITH was born at Memphis, Missouri, February 15, 1876. Since 1888 he has made Kansas City his home. For several years he has been engaged in journalism and literary work. He is, at present, collecting and revising his verses with the view of publishing them in book form.

ARTHUR GRISSOM was born in Payson, Illinois, January 21, 1869. He graduated at Woodland College, Independence, Missouri, in 1887, and immediately adopted the literary profession. His verses have appeared in most of the New York periodicals and magazines. In 1894, when the editor of the *Midland Monthly,* Des Moines, Iowa, offered a prize for the best original poem submitted to his magazine, the prize was awarded to Mr. Grissom for his poem, *To a Butterfly.* Many of his lighter verses that have appeared in *Life, Truth, Vogue,* and similar publications, have recently been collected and published in book form in a volume entitled *Beaux and Belles.* He is, at present, engaged in literary work in New York City.

FRANK S. HASTINGS was born at Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1860, and educated at Notre Dame University and the University of Michigan. He has been connected with the executive department of the Armour Packing Company, Kansas City, for the past ten years. His literary work has been confined to leisure hours, and is what he chooses to term random thoughts for his own amusement.

WILLIAM RICHARD HEREFORD, "*Marcellus Rafferty*," was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, February 2, 1871. He received his literary education at Randolph-Macon College. After several years of active work with the Kansas City papers, he went to Harvard University and took the course in law, and was admitted to the bar at Independence, Missouri, in 1894. In 1895 he was appointed Secretary of the Legation at Berne, Switzerland, by Minister J. L. Peak. His verses have been received by the Kansas City papers, New York *Recorder* and *Sun*, Harvard *Lampoon*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *The Dramatic Mirror*, *Harper's* and *Munsey's Magazines*.

MARTIN LUTHER HOFFMAN was born near Auburn, Indiana, August 26, 1859; graduated from the University of Indiana, 1885; taught two years in the High School, Indianapolis, Indiana, and five years in the Central High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota; and studied mathematics at Cornell University one year. In 1895 he came to Richmond, Missouri, and taught mathematics at Woodson Institute one year. While teaching at Woodson Institute he had printed, for private distribution, a booklet of verses, entitled *St. Helena and other Poems*. Mr. Hoffman is, at present, instructor of mathematics in the University of Indiana.

HORACE A. HUTCHISON was born in Howard County, Missouri, November 24, 1833, and educated at the Kemper Family School, Boonville, Missouri. Mr. Hutchison was, for many years, an active newspaper man. He is, at present, practicing law at Boonville. A collection of his verses, under the title of *Old Nick Abroad and other Poems*, appeared in 1895.

MISS BERTHA MAY IVORY was born in St. Louis, Missouri, November 20, 1866, and educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart in her native city. Her verses were used by *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, *The Home Journal*, *Picayune*, *Woman's Tribune*, and other publications in St. Louis, Chicago, and New York. Her book of verse, *A Cluster of Roses*, appeared in 1895. She died at her home in St. Louis, October 16, 1892.

MRS. LILLIAN KELLEY was born in Saline County, Missouri, 1856; educated in private schools; and married in 1875 to G. B. Kelley, editor Moberly (Mo.) *Monitor*. She has spent all her married life in Moberly. Her book, entitled *Verses*, is dedicated to her only child, a boy, born in 1882. Mrs. Kelley is of a retiring disposition and does not wish to be regarded as an aspirant for literary honors. With Ruskin, she believes that the women of whom the world never hears are the women whose influence is most beneficial to humanity.

WILLIS PERCIVAL KING was born in Macon County, Missouri, December 21, 1839. His father and mother, who were both Kentuckians, came to Missouri and "settled" in Howard County in 1816. The romantic circumstances that surrounded Doctor King in his childhood days, while his parents were "forted up," in order to prevent the depredations of the Indians, peculiarly fitted him to become the author of *Stories of a Country Doctor*. Doctor King graduated at the St. Louis Medical College in 1866; and afterwards studied at the Polyclinic, New York City. He is, at present, surgeon at the Missouri Pacific Railroad Hospital, Kansas City.

S. A. LYNCH was born in Madison County, Illinois, August 27, 1868; and graduated at the Edwardsville High School, Edwardsville, Illinois, 1883. He came to Missouri in 1885; and graduated at the University of Missouri, 1892. He was superintendent of the public schools at California, Missouri, from September, 1892, to June, 1895. Since October, 1895, Mr. Lynch has been taking post-graduate work in English language and literature in the University of Chicago.

MRS. S. A. A. McCAUSLAND (*Austin Arnold McCausland*) was born December 10, 1839, at Arnoldfels, the ancestral family seat of the Virginia Arnolds, who trace their ancestry back to the famous Doctor Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. She has lived the greater part of her life at Lexington, Missouri, where, on August 23, 1860, she was married to Mr. W. G. McCausland. Mrs. McCausland has painted, composed music, and written verse with no other purpose than the pleasure of doing it. Her verses have appeared from time to time in leading newspapers and magazines.

WALTER A. McCAUSLAND was born in Lafayette County, Missouri, February 17, 1859; and was educated in the public schools at Lexington, Missouri, He was admitted to the bar in 1889, and has since been practicing law at Howard, Kansas. His verses have appeared in various papers in Missouri and Kansas.

JAMES ALLEN McDONALD, "*Sursum*," was born at Richmond, Missouri, December 3, 1859; and educated in the public schools of his native town. Since his father's death, 1890, he has been the head of the firm of M. F. McDonald's Sons, Richmond, Missouri.

In 1896 Mr. McDonald won the prize offered by the Chicago *Dry Goods Reporter* for the best original poem on the theme, *For the Merchants of the West.* His verses have been used extensively by local papers and by leading papers in Detroit and Chicago.

MRS. MILDRED S. McFADEN, a native of Warren County, Missouri, was educated at the Christian School, Troy, Missouri, and the Western Educational Institute, now Central Wesleyan College, at Warrenton, Missouri. Soon after the death of her husband, Mr. Marshall N. McFaden, she began teaching music and followed this vocation until 1892. Since that time she has been on the editorial staff of the *Chaperone Magazine*, St. Louis. Some of her best verses will be published for the first time in the volume she is now arranging for the publishers.

MISS MINNIE McINTYRE, "*Virginia,*" was born in St. Louis, Missouri, 1874. She has spent most of her life in Kansas City, Missouri, where she has, from time to time, contributed her verses to the Kansas City papers, and to *Puck, Kate Field's Washington*, and other Eastern publications. Miss McIntyre is, at present, assistant editor of the *Horse Show Monthly*, of Kansas City.

MRS. ELIZABETH USTICK McKINNEY, "*Clyde Campbell,*" was born at Dover, Missouri, April 11, 1844; and graduated at the Dover Seminary in 1860. She was married in 1866 to Mr. L. W. McKinney; and has since resided at Moberly, Missouri. Mrs. McKinney's verses have been used by local and national publications. She won one of the prizes offered by the Esterbrook Pen Company in 1895 for the best original poem.

JULIUS LUTHER MARSHALL was born near Lexington, Missouri, November 21, 1831; and availed himself of such opportunities as were offered him in the country schools. Mr. Marshall is a self-made man. Not having an opportunity to attend college, he has gained his literary education by reading standard literary works. He has over four hundred volumes in his private library. His verses have been widely copied by the press.

MRS. MARIA USTICK MUSICK, "*Estelle,*" was born at Dover, Missouri, February 23, 1846. While a child, at school, she wrote her compositions in rhyme; and "saw herself in print" at eleven years of age, when some of her verses were published. In 1866 she was married to John E. Musick. She is at present living in St. Louis.

G. W. OGDEN was born in Johnson County, Kansas, 1871. He is a journalist by craft. While connected with the Kansas City *Star*, his verses often appeared in that paper, and were copied by many other national publications, such as the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago *Post*, and *Overland Monthly*.

JOHN MEYERS PAXSON was born in Louisiana, Missouri, December 9, 1875; and educated at Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Missouri, and at Drury College, Springfield, Missouri. He was, for some time, reporter for the Kansas City *Times;* now connected with the St. Louis *Star*.

WILLIAM M. PAXTON was born at Washington, Kentucky, March 2, 1819; and educated at Center College, Danville, Kentucky. In 1839 he removed to Platte City, Missouri, where he practiced law until 1873. Becoming hard of hearing, at that time, he gave

up his law practice and turned his attention to literature. In 1879 he published a small volume of verse. In 1884 he visited his mother's relatives, the Marshalls, of Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland, and issued a volume of genealogies and life-sketches of his people. A second book of his verse appeared in 1887. He has recently completed a large volume, embracing the annals of Platte County, Missouri, with genealogies of more than three thousand families. Mr. Paxton is revising his verses with the view of issuing another volume.

C. L. PHIFER was born and educated at Vandalia, Illinois. Mr. Phifer has been connected with the Missouri press for thirteen years. He is at present editor and owner of the *Transcript*, at Pacific, Missouri. Besides his epic, *Annals of the Earth*, which was published in book form, many of his verses have appeared in pamphlet form.

JAMES ADDISON QUARLES, "*Dunlora*," was born near Boonville, Missouri, April 30, 1837. He was, for twelve years, president of Elizabeth Aull Seminary, Lexington, Missouri. At present he has the chair of Philosophy in Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia. Professor Quarles' verses have appeared in leading publications, such as Louisville *Courier-Journal*, St. Louis *Presbyterian*, *Southern Collegian*, and *Christian Observer*.

MRS. ALICE D. READ was born in Hardin County, Kentucky. Part of her childhood was spent in St Charles, Missouri. She graduated from Bethlehem Academy, in her native State, in 1865. In 1866 she was married to Captain J. B. Read, and in 1870 removed to Nebraska, where she remained until 1886,

when she came to Mineral Springs, Holt County, Missouri. After Mr. Read's death, she went to York, Nebraska, where she now resides.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, "*Marion Reed*," was born in St. Louis, Missouri, December 11, 1862. He was educated in the public schools, by the Christian Brothers, and finally by the Jesuits of the St. Louis University. He went to work on the *Missouri Republican*, as reporter, in 1880, and has been in the newspaper business in St. Louis continuously since. He is now owner and editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*.

MRS. CONSTANCE FAUNT LE ROY RUNCIE was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, January 15, 1836. She spent the greater part of her girlhood at New Harmony, Indiana; and subsequently studied at Stuttgart, Germany. In 1861 she was married to Rev. James Runcie, D.D., and came to St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1871, where Doctor Runcie was rector of Christ Church until his death, 1889. Mrs. Runcie published, in 1887, a book of verse, entitled *Poems, Dramatic and Lyric.*

VAN CLEAVE WHITMER SCHWEICH was born in Richmond, Missouri, May 15, 1878, and has spent most of his life in his native town. His verses have been used by local papers. He graduated from Woodson Institute, Richmond, Missouri, June, 1897.

MISS GRACE HEWITT SHARP, daughter of Rev. George W. Sharp, was born at Kirksville, Missouri; and educated at the State Normal in her native town. Soon after graduating, Miss Sharp went to Texas and taught in the Oak Cliff Academy and Sacred Heart Convent, Dallas. She is now teacher of history and elocution in the State Normal, and assistant editor of

The Norns, Kirksville, Missouri. Her verses have been used by the *Waverly Magazine*, *Round Table*, *Christian Herald*, and other publications.

THOMAS BERRY SMITH was born in Pike County, Missouri, December 7, 1850; and graduated at Pritchett Institute, Glasgow, Missouri, A.B. 1873, A.M. 1879. He took a special course at Yale University, 1875-76; taught in his alma mater at Glasgow, State Normal at Kirksville, Carleton College, Minnesota, and since 1886 has been professor of chemistry and physics in Central College, Fayette, Missouri. He married Miss Emma Marvin Newland, of Richmond, Missouri, in 1877. Professor Smith published a chart, "Circle of the Material Sciences," in 1880, and a textbook, *Studies in Nature and Language Lessons*, in 1890. His verses have appeared from time to time in various State and national periodicals.

MISS WILLENE MARIE SPHAR was born in Saline County, Missouri, March 7, 1879. She graduated at the Marshall High School, Marshall, Missouri, 1895—the youngest member of a class of twenty-five. Her verses were used by the Marshall papers before she was sixteen.

MRS. CORA MITCHELL STOCKTON was born at Shawangunk, New York, in 1835; and educated at Poughkeepsie, New York. She lived in Kansas City, Missouri, a number of years, and was an active member of the Western Authors' and Artists' Club. Her book, entitled *The Shanar Dancing-Girl and other Poems*, appeared in 1892. She is, at present, living in Kansas City, Kansas.

HIRAM MASON SYDENSTRICKER, A.M., Ph.D., was born at Lewisburg, West Virginia, September 26, 1858; and educated at Washington and Lee University

and Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. He took post-graduate work at Chicago and Chautauqua, New York, from 1885 to 1895. In 1895 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Wooster, Ohio. While at the University of Chicago, Doctor Sydenstricker gave special attention to the Oriental languages. He published in 1894 a volume entitled *The Epic of the Orient.* He is now residing at Marshall, Missouri, and expects to publish soon another volume, *The Epic of the Apocalypse.*

WILLIAM DAVID SYLVESTER was born in Hancock County, Indiana, May 2, 1867—the same county in the Hoosier State where James Whitcomb Riley first saw light. Mr. Sylvester has made Missouri his home since 1880. Soon after coming to Missouri, he attended school for a short time at Pilot Grove Collegiate Institute; and has since been engaged, a greater part of the time, in newspaper work.

MRS. MARY USTICK THISTLE, the eldest daughter of Charles T. and Susan E. Ustick, was born at Marion, Virginia, 1838; and while an infant was brought by her parents to Lafayette County, Missouri. She began writing stories and verses for the Lexington papers at the age of fourteen. She was married to John P. Thistle, of Warrensburg, in 1859, and died at Columbia in 1890. The Ustick family claim relationship to the celebrated naturalist, John J. Audubon, and the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.

MISS ANNE TOZIER was born at North Anson, Maine, July 19, 1874. She comes of sturdy Puritan stock, being a descendant of the illustrious Edward Rawson, secretary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1650-1686; and counts in direct line of her ancestry,

on her mother's side, Ralph Waldo Emerson. She received her early education under private tutors, and later in the schools of Kansas City, where she has resided for the past ten years. Miss Tozier's verses have found ready sale to *Truth*, *Life*, and like publications. Her forthcoming book, *The Hammock Swings*, will contain her best verses.

FRANK TRIPLETT was born in Kentucky, 1848; came to Missouri in 1860. In 1865 he went West, but later went to New York City and began work as a fine art auctioneer. He is, at present, living in Kansas City, Missouri. His verses are used by the Kansas City *Times*, and other city papers.

MISS ADELAIDE E. VROOM was born in Rochester, New York; and spent her childhood in Canada. In her early youth she came with her parents to Missouri; and was educated at Mount Pleasant College, Huntsville. Miss Vroom has contributed to newspapers and magazines, and her verses have been widely copied by the press.

GEORGE H. WALSER was born in Dearborn County, Illinois, May 26, 1834. He practiced law at Middleport, Illinois, from 1857 to 1863. Since 1863 he has lived in Missouri. He founded the town of Liberal, Missouri, in 1880. Mr. Walser has published two volumes of verse, *Poems of Leisure*, 1891, and *The Bouquet*, 1897.

GEORGE WOODWARD WARDER was born at Richmond, Missouri, and educated in the public schools at Chillicothe, and at the University of Missouri. After teaching school and practicing law for a few years, he went to Kansas City, where he made a success as a large dealer in real estate. Colonel

Warder's writings, both prose and verse, have received many favorable comments from critics. He has published three volumes of verse: *College Poems*, *Eden Dell; or, Love's Wanderings*, and *Utopian Dreams and Lotus Leaves*.

MRS. LORENA MICHELL WEBB, "*Little Violet*," was born at Caruthersville, Missouri, October 8, 1869. She was married, May 28, 1896, to Mr. E. A. Webb, editor of *The Democrat*, Caruthersville. Her verses have been used by Missouri newspapers.

MRS. ANNA M. WEEMS was born at Natchez, Mississippi; and educated at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, and at the convent of the Sacred Heart, New Orleans, Louisiana. She is, at present, residing at Moberly, Missouri. Her verses have appeared in various publications in America and England.

EDWIN ARTHUR WELTY was born at Canal Dover, Ohio, December 5, 1853; came to Missouri in 1856; and graduated at the High School, St. Joseph, 1872. Mr. Welty is now residing at Oregon, Missouri. His book of verse, *Ballads of the Bivouac and the Border*, was published in 1896.

FRANK BURDETTE WILSON was born in Fredonia, New York, October 13, 1846; graduated at the Fredonia Academy; came to Chicago in 1865; thence to Missouri in 1872, where he has since lived. He has traveled extensively in the West, and while there corresponded with newspapers, and gathered material for many of his stories and verses which have since appeared in *The Dictator*, *The Old Homestead*, *The Great Divide*, and similar publications.

GEORGE WILSON was born near Ottumwa, Iowa, October 6, 1847. At an early age he came with his father to Lexington, Missouri; and was educated at the Masonic College, then in Lexington. At the breaking out of the Civil War he went West, where he remained until he was called to Lexington to succeed his father as president of the Lafayette County Bank. Mr. Wilson, besides writing verse and composing music, has written important articles on finance, such as *The Principles of the Science of Money.*

MISS ROSE EMMETT YOUNG was born near Higginsville, Missouri, August 31, 1869; and educated at Lexington, Missouri, where she lived until 1890. After spending two years in Texas, she went to Chicago to accept a position on the *Medical Century.* She remained in Chicago four years on the staff of the *Medical Century,* in the capacity of literary editor and business manager. She is, at present, business manager of the same periodical in New York City. Miss Young's verses have appeared in the Chicago *Tribune,* and other leading papers.

ERNST ANTON ZUENDT was born at Mindelheim, Germany, and educated at the University of Munich. He came to America in 1857, and was for a short time connected with the Greenbay *Post,* Greenbay, Wisconsin, and later with the *Westlichen Post,* St. Louis, Missouri. He taught German in the public schools at Jefferson City, Missouri, from 1868 to 1876. He was connected with the *Freien Presse,* Minneapolis, Minnesota, from 1886 to 1888. He then removed to Jefferson City, Missouri, where he resided until his death, May, 1897.

Missourians Who have Written Books and Pamphlets of Verse.

ALLEN, LYMAN WHITNEY.
Abraham Lincoln; The Star of Sangamon, 1896.

BAILEY, JOHN JAY.
Art, 1875.

BASKETT, NATHANIEL M.
Visions of Fancy, 1884.

BATTSON, HATTIE E.
Dust or Diamonds, 1886.

BENTON, MARY J.
An Epigram on Kansas City, 1893.

BLACKWELL, R.
Original Acrostics, 1869.

BROCKMEYER, HENRY C.
Foggy Night at Newport, 1860.

BRYANT, MARY.
Fantasma, 1879.

BYARS, WILLIAM VINCENT.
The Tempting of the King, 1892.
Studies in Verse, 1895.

COPE, SAMUEL W.
Songs of Praise, 1894.

CREWSON, E. A.
Old Times, 1893.

DEWY, G. M.
Railway Spire.
What Made Us Mortal.

DONEGHY, M. W. PREWITT.
The Feast of Skeletons; or, New Year's Eve, 1891.

DORMAN, ALLEN.
Poems, 1892.

DUGAN, ANNIE A. STEVENS, "*May Myrtle.*"
Myrtle Leaves, 1885.
Muriel; or, Love's Sacrifice, 1896.

DUGAN, LIZZIE, "*Rosa Pearle.*"
An Editor's Life, 1882.

DUNN, GEORGE W.
Temple of Justice and other Poems, 1882.

ELLIS, J. W.
The Life Mission, 1876.
The Song of Songs, 1897.

FETTERMAN, J. C., "*Joe Sephus.*"
Street Musings, 1895.

FIELD, EUGENE.
Little Book of Western Verse, 1889.
With Trumpet and Drum, 1892.
Echoes from the Sabine Farm, 1892.
Love Songs of Childhood, 1894.
Second Book of Verse, 1896.

GARRETT, THOS. ELWOOD.
The Masque of the Muses, 1885.

GIBSON, R. E. LEE.
An Indian Legend and other Poems.
Mineral Blossoms.
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